HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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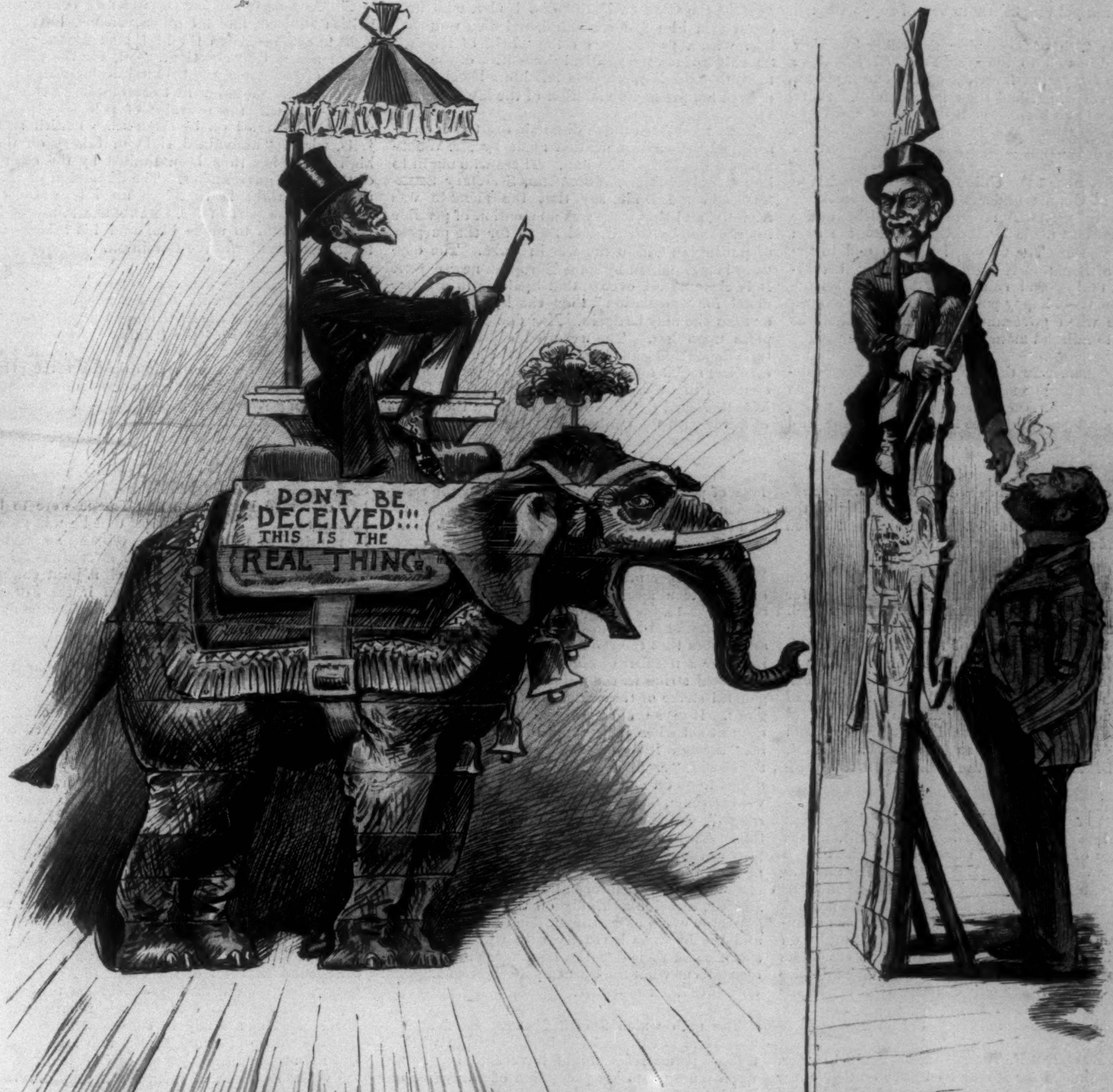
DONT BE DECEIVED!!! THIS IS THE REAL THING.
W. A. Rogers.

ATTITUDE OF THE EASY BOSS

FROM DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 9, 1897.

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IRELAND is promised a famine for the coming winter. The barley is in a bad state, the potatoes are rotting in the ground, and, as the *Speaker* says, "Ireland is again on the relief lists." All her politics has not yet taught her to be self-supporting.

ON the 27th of September, according to a New Orleans despatch to the New York *Herald*, there had been 562 yellow-fever cases in fourteen places, sixty-two of which had then proved fatal. Since then there have been a small number of new cases and a few deaths. We are asked to state that the report of cases at Jackson, Mississippi, was incorrect.

ON November 1 the Union Pacific Railroad is to be sold at Omaha under a decree of foreclosure. The government will receive for its debt, under the agreement made by Mr. CLEVELAND, the sum of $45,000,000. The sale will put an end to the scheme of Senators HARRIS and MORGAN, involving the taking and running of the road by the government—a happy postponement of the looked-for time when government inefficiency shall be applied to railroad management.

ON September 28 the people of New Jersey defeated, by a large majority in a small vote, three proposed constitutional amendments, one of which was an anti-gambling race-track amendment, and another an amendment extending the suffrage to women. The event is of importance, not so much as indicating the opinions of the people of New Jersey on the subjects submitted to them, as showing the indifference of the vast majority of the voters—a further fact for the careful consideration of the advocates of a referendum.

A YEAR ago Kansas was sure that the gloom of bankruptcy would settle on this country for many years to come if BRYAN should be defeated. MCKINLEY was elected, and on the 27th of September this year a week of festivities was begun at Topeka to celebrate the return of prosperity to the State. The dwellers in the cave were almost beside themselves with joy, and expended some of their sudden and unexpected gains in most fanciful devices. A good deal was said about the crops and their prices, but nothing, so far as we have heard, of the DINGLEY bill as the cause of all this prosperity.

TAMMANY has been having difficulties almost numberless. A few days ago it thought, in the language of the "boys," that it could win with a "yellow dog" ticket. But HENRY GEORGE was nominated by the United and other Democrats who adhere to Bryanism, and the Germans notified the bosses that if a "yellow dog" ticket was nominated they would vote for Mr. LOW. Finally, on Thursday the ticket was named. The candidate for Mayor is ROBERT A. VAN WYCK, Chief Justice of one of the lower city courts. If the ticket is not a "yellow dog" ticket, it closely resembles one, and so the Germans seem to think.

MR. BENJAMIN F. TRACY, once a cabinet officer, was nominated for Mayor by PLATT on September 28. We say that he was nominated by Mr. PLATT, because the convention was a mere legal fiction. The delegates, with the exception of JACOB WORTH and some forty others from Brooklyn who voted for Mr. LOW, did not think or act except as PLATT dictated. At his command they nominated Mr. TRACY, and he lent himself to PLATT's purpose. In his speech of acceptance, which had been carefully prepared in advance, and probably at PLATT's dictation, Mr. TRACY, in effect, announced that he was in the field to bring the Citizens' Union and Mr. LOW to terms, and to compel them to act with the PLATT machine.

A CURIOSITY in the way of news was published last week in a New York evening paper. It was thought worth while to cable from London to the effect that the *Sheffield Telegraph* announced that the French, Indian, and United States mints would be opened in October to the coinage of silver at 15½ to 1. The delay, short as it was, was due, we were informed, to the fact that a meeting of the British cabinet was necessary in order that the terms suggested by this government should be formally agreed to. It will have to be a very ignorant free-silver American who will be "heartened up" by this bit of news. A commentary on the distribution of powers in the United States government would be an admirable addition to the office furniture of the newspaper that published the despatch.

THE condition of affairs in Austria-Hungary is becoming more and more interesting. The discontent of the Hungarians, and the revolt of the Germans against the government for making the Czech, equally with the German, the official language, are the ostensible elements of the trouble. Count BADENI, the premier, has been forced to violate the law against duelling and to "meet" Dr. WOLFF, the German Nationalist leader, who first denounced him as a scoundrel, and then wounded him with a pistol-shot on the "field of honor." So exigent are the political necessities of the moment that the Emperor has felt himself obliged to uphold his premier's violation of the law.

THERE has been much discussion as to the character of the communication made by Mr. WOODFORD to the Duke of Tetuan. Those who ought to know, including Mr. WOODFORD, Secretary SHERMAN, and the Duke, say that the message was friendly, and that there was no mention of possible interference by the United States for the purpose of putting an end to the war in Cuba. The contrary is maintained by some European newspapers. It is clear, at all events, that Spain is in a better mood for "mediation" than she has been before or than she may be again. Her domestic troubles press upon her. The reported capture of Victoria de las Tuñas on August 26 by the insurgents is exciting much apprehension, and the prediction is common that Spain will not be able to hold Cuba. Whether Spain shall drop Cuba amid the glories of a war with the United States or with due thanks to the United States for friendly services will depend upon Mr. MCKINLEY and his chosen diplomatic representatives at home and abroad. The hope of peace in Cuba is strengthened by the resignation of the AZCARRAGA cabinet on September 29, and by the selection of SAGASTA as Prime Minister.

THERE is probably no method by which the English newspaper mind can be accurately informed on American affairs. The *Saturday Review* of September 18, for example, speaks of Sheriff MARTIN's conduct at Lattimer as a "terrible crime." It announces that the strike was a great one, extending over a number of States—confusing of course this local strike in the anthracite region with the general strike of the miners in the bituminous regions. It says that the miners did not understand the riot act when it was read to them by the sheriff, "through ignorance of the language," and that the sheriff, "assuming that the strikers were determined to go on and that he was in danger if he prevented them, ordered his deputies to fire at close range." All this is attributed to the "tendency in the States to use 'shooting-irons' on the slightest provocation." The *Spectator* of the same date also regards the shooting as murderous, and while it has more accurate information than the *Saturday Review*, also looks kindly on the miners, and regards the event as an illustration of the rough way and the heedless barbarity with which American sheriffs and their deputies administer the law. It also tells us what the trained policemen of England do under like conditions.

The mob which Sheriff MARTIN faced at Lattimer had got beyond the bounds within which a trained police force might have kept it. It was not a mere peaceable procession of miners, as our English critics think. It was an ugly, murderous crowd that had been in existence for many days, and that had already violated the law and threatened murder. Sheriff MARTIN believed that the work of the mob must be stopped at all hazards, and he undertook to do his duty. In this effort his orders were disobeyed and he was assaulted. Then followed the shooting. It was not at flying workmen that the deputies fired, but at advancing and threatening hostiles, whose success on that afternoon would have left property and the lives of many persons at the mercy of men who had shown a readiness to destroy both. At a time when officers of the law in many States of the Union are afraid even to arrest the many lynchers who are disgracing the country, one cannot listen patiently to uninformed and hasty criticism of this officer, who, with his deputies, upheld the law. In the mean time the coroner's jury has disagreed as to the responsibility of the sheriff.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN's letter, or the letter written by Mr. EDWARD WINGFIELD by the Colonial Secretary's order, to the British Foreign Office, is published in full in the London *Times* of September 18. As to its manners we do not feel that we have the right to say more than that rough manners on the part of one who feels himself wronged do not excuse bad manners in response. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's letter is not an important contribution to the discussion of the seal controversy. He undertakes to maintain, by detached quotations from Mr. JORDAN's report, that the seal herd of the Pribyloff Islands is not disappearing as rapidly as Mr. JORDAN asserts and as this government maintains. He also insists that British subjects have the right to hunt seals on the high seas, and says that the effort of the United States to deny this is a departure from "the noblest traditions of their country." As a matter of fact, no one now denies that British subjects, and all other persons, have the right to catch seals on the high seas, for the Paris award settles that question. But, for the preservation of the game, the tribunal declared that the two countries should unite to accomplish a certain object—to wit, the restraint of pelagic sealing, principally carried on by these same British subjects, whose "undoubted right of fishery on the high seas" has thus been limited by the assent of their own government. The discussion of this undoubted right is therefore an idle waste of words on the part of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, unless it is entered into to make him and his scheme of federation popular in the Dominion.

Coming from the general proposition to particulars, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN does not adequately meet the accusation that the British government has not enforced the rules of the tribunal in good faith. Having agreed that the two countries should preserve the herd from extinction on the same principle that each endeavors to preserve its own game, the British government is charged with neglect of duty. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's reply to this charge is of such a character as to amount to an admission of its truth. Last week it was announced that Lord SALISBURY had declined to take part in the conference to which he had agreed if, as Mr. HAY had informed him, Japan and Russia were to be parties to it. But it turned out that he was merely pausing to think over the proposition, which was not new, since the British government had expressed itself favorable to such a joint conference as far back as 1894. Even if Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE does not attend the conference as a member, he will be there as a spectator.

A STUDY IN CONTEMPORANEOUS POLITICS.

THE Republicans and the regular Democrats of the State of New York have nominated candidates for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. Each party's nomination was made by its State Committee—that is, the Republican nomination was made by Senator PLATT, and the Democratic nomination was made by ex-Senator HILL and Senator MURPHY.

Fortunately the bosses named good lawyers with judicial experience. WILLIAM J. WALLACE, the Republican candidate, has for many years served with distinction on the Federal bench; and ALTON B. PARKER, the Democratic candidate, has served also with distinction on the bench of the Supreme Court of the State and as a member of the Second Division of the Court of Appeals. It is not, however, with the candidates themselves that we intend to deal. Each nomination is good. But, as a study in contemporaneous politics, the reasons for making the two nominations, and the arguments, stated or implied, addressed to the voters in behalf of each, are worthy of serious consideration.

Both candidates were chosen, not primarily because they were fit for the place, but because they have the friendship of the respective bosses of their parties. Judge WALLACE has not had opportunities of late to manifest his friendship for Mr. PLATT, and he supported Mr. CLEVELAND against Mr. BLAINE, but he comes down to the Senator from a former generation. He was a warm and steadfast friend of ROSCOE CONKLING, and personally and socially was on an equal footing with him at the time when Mr. PLATT was contemptuously and appropriately known as "Me too." That Mr. PLATT remembers and respects some of the men to whom he looked up in the days when he was following Mr. CONKLING's footsteps is perhaps an indication that he possesses a certain fidelity which is not a human attribute solely. Alton B. Parker is made the candidate of the Democrats who are known as regular because they preferred the candidate of 1896 to their principles, because he is the friend and has been the lieutenant of Mr. Hill.

The Republican boss alone has assigned reasons why the voters of the State should elect his candidate, and, considering the office to be filled, these reasons are of a singular character. What the office demands is learning in the law, impartiality in its administration, clearness and courage in its interpretation, and absolute fairness and purity. A fundamental essential of the virtues of the judge is non-partisanship in the performance of his duties. We would not for a moment suggest that Judge Wallace has not that essential virtue. But, omitting the one paragraph of the Republican address which mentions him, the reasons assigned for voting for him would support the candidacy of the man of the meanest intellect and the most degraded character who has been faithful to the Republican party and to Mr. Platt.

These are the reasons given to the voters of New York for supporting Judge Wallace. He is to be voted for because, in Mr. Platt's opinion, the Republican party has fulfilled its promises; because troublous times followed the Democratic success of 1892, not to speak of the Republican legislation of 1890; because prosperity has followed the Republican triumph of 1896, not to mention the favorable crop conditions that have also followed that triumph; because most of the Democrats of the Senate were antagonistic to Mr. Cleveland during his Presidency; because Republican government is a "demonstration of intelligence, conservatism, and success," whatever that may mean; because the Republican party taxes the people for the benefit of favored manufacturers, and permits the beneficiaries of the bounty to determine the rate of taxation; because Mr. Platt thinks that Mr. McKinley "enjoys the singular distinction of being a President who, at the end of his first nine months of administration, could be re-elected by increased majorities"; because the Democrats are for silver, no matter how silent they may be on the question, while the Republicans are for gold; because the Democrats are trying to "sneak back into power" by ignoring this vital issue; because the Republican party made the Greater New York; because Mr. Platt has the hardihood to announce in his address the false statement that under the new charter the city enjoys "a measure of self-government such as is enjoyed nowhere else in organized society"; because a "few self-sufficient persons" are plotting to turn over the government of the metropolis to Tammany by nominating Mr. Low for Mayor instead of permitting Mr. Platt, the friend and ally of that organization, to dictate the candidate who, if elected, would preside over the city in his name, in place of the Mayor who would represent Croker; finally, the voters are asked to support Judge Wallace's candidacy to vindicate Governor Black's miserable record, and Mr. Platt has the temerity to point to his tool's tricky attempt to cheat the civil service provision of the Constitution as a reason for giving to him, as the representative of his party, the control of the judiciary of the State. The Democratic candidate is supported by his political sponsors because he is a Democrat, while he voted for Mr. Bryan.

We do not explain and enlarge upon this attitude of the bosses for the purpose of reflecting on the two candidates. Neither Judge Wallace nor Judge Parker is to be supported or opposed because of Platt's impertinent address or because of the timid and perhaps "sneaking" silence of Hill and Murphy. The attitude of the bosses is important because it expresses the universal habit of thought of bosses throughout the country. They look upon the judiciary, as upon the executive and legislative branches of the government, as plunder which they want. They are desecrating the courts as they have long desecrated the political power. They are trying to fill the bench with their friends, and if they still take fitness into account it is because they dare not do otherwise. They dare not yet arouse the unanimous opposition of the bar. They are working towards a time, however, when fitness will not be necessarily considered, but when servility and usefulness to them will be the first and sometimes the sole consideration. What their principles are is shown in Platt's address. That address contains his view as to the essential qualities that his candidate should have. He should be loyal to his party, blind to its faults, and obedient to his boss. From his and Hill's point of view better candidates could be found than these whom they have named, and some day their views will be stated in their candidates as they are now stated in their speeches and platforms. If Mr. Platt's address is a platform for a judicial candidate, why could not Lauterbach or "Abe" Gruber stand on it? and what is to prevent Hill, if he remain boss long enough, from nominating John C. Sheehan or "Jimmie" Oliver for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals? At least, that is the direction in which the bosses of both parties are travelling.

THE MASSES *VS.* THE BOSSES.

The progress of the municipal campaign in the city of New York has at last clearly disclosed the real point at issue. Mr. Seth Low was, as a candidate for the Mayoralty, first in the field. He was nominated by a popular movement, supported with their signatures by more than 123,000 citizens. His high character was universally recognized. His eminent fitness for the position was not questioned by anybody deserving serious notice. The excellent record of his two administrations as Mayor of Brooklyn and his high standing in the present city of New York naturally made him appear to the popular mind as a man exceptionally well suited for the first place in the new consolidated municipality. When other candidates were looked for, the question always was whether anybody could be nominated who would appear "as good as Low." The Republican organization professed to see in Tammany Hall the embodiment of all the tendencies making for corrupt government, and to be bound to defeat Tammany if it could. A large number of the Republican rank and file were, and are to-day, unquestionably honest in that purpose. If the controlling spirits, or, to speak more precisely, the one controlling spirit, of the Republican organization, its dictator, Boss Platt, had been equally sincere in that purpose, nothing would have been more natural than that he should have accepted Mr. Low, who had already received the endorsement of an enormous number of voters as the standard-bearer of the anti-Tammany forces.

Why did he not do that evidently natural thing? He announced through his henchmen that the municipal administration of Greater New York must be a Republican administration, and that Mr. Low was not a good enough Republican for him. And when it was objected that a consistent record as to party affiliation did not matter much when the main question was how the interests of the city should be served, the answer was that all this non-partisan talk was barren nonsense, that the municipal officers must be "responsible" to a party, and that this party must be the Republican party. This was the resounding cry in Boss Platt's camp for a good while. Nothing was left untried to excite against Mr. Low Republican party pride and prejudice. It was left to Boss Platt himself to demonstrate the utter hollowness, the arrant hypocrisy, of this pretence. Nobody doubts that he possessed and exercised the power to dictate by a simple expression of his will who should be the nominees of the Republican organization; and now we find among those nominees Mr. Ashbel P. Fitch for the city Comptrollership—Mr. Fitch, who for years has held office by the grace of Tammany Hall itself. Whether Mr. Fitch is or is not a man to make an efficient Comptroller is not here the question. Nobody will deny that Boss Platt, by selecting him as his candidate for that important office, has himself pricked the bubble of all his professions of supreme party fidelity, and of his cries against the inadmissibility of non-partisanship in municipal government.

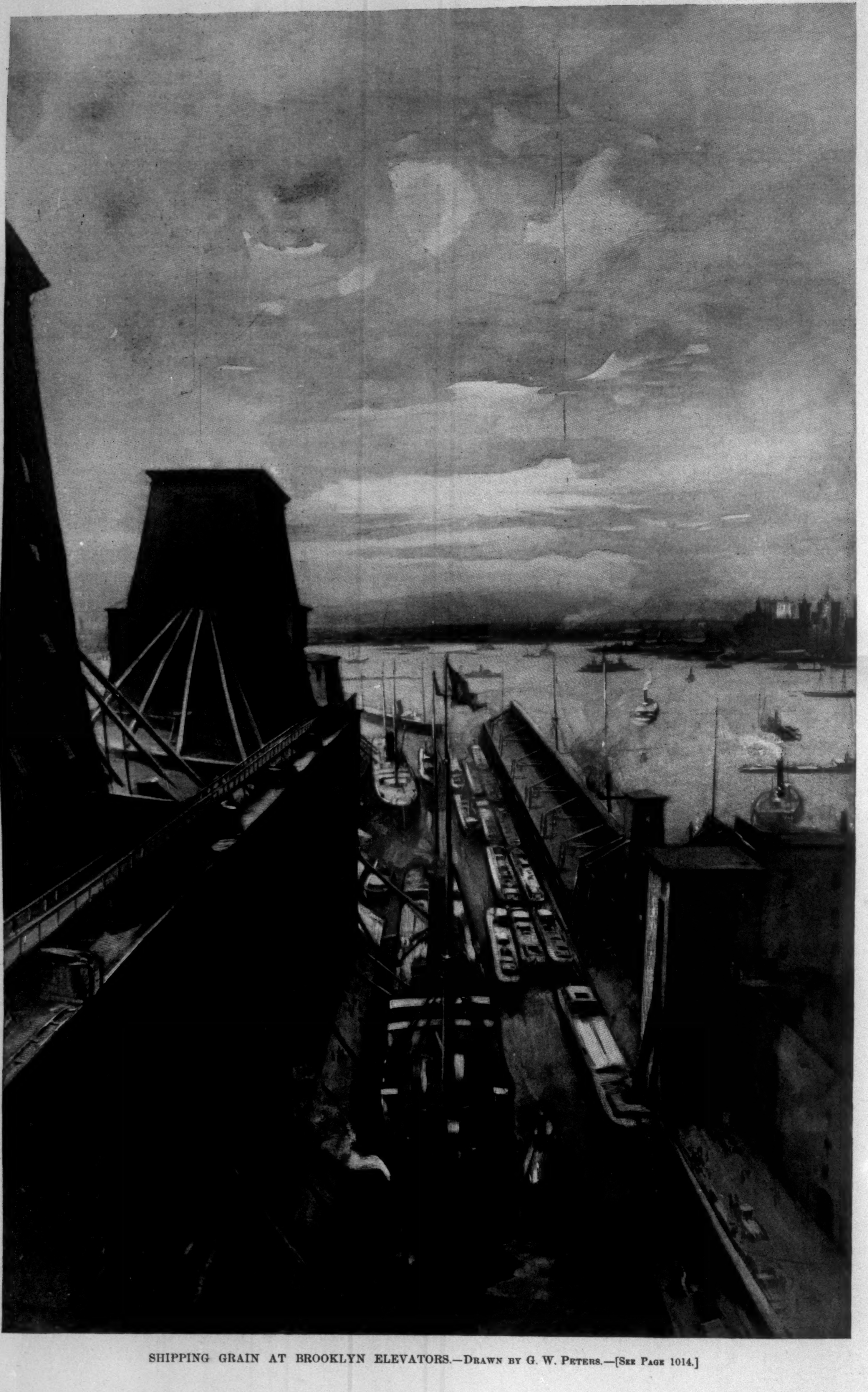
That he does not command votes enough—not by tens of thousands—to elect this ticket, he knows. Nay, the admissions made by his mouth-pieces in the very convention in which that ticket was nominated prove conclusively that his candidates were nominated not with any expectation nor for the purpose of their being elected, but for the purpose of forcing Mr. Low off the field, or, if Mr. Low remain a candidate, of facilitating his defeat by Tammany—the professed object being to prevent the election of Mr. Low to the Mayoralty at any cost, even at the cost of surrendering the city of Greater New York to the tender mercies of Tammany rule.

The meaning of all this is now as clear as sunlight. Boss Platt virtually makes this proclamation to the citizens of New York: "There are two great political powers in this city—the Republican organization and Tammany Hall; and I am the Republican organization. The nominations for the municipal offices are legitimately made on the one side by Tammany Hall, and on the other side by myself. If you want to keep Tammany Hall out of power, you will have to do it through me and on my terms, or not at all. If any candidates against Tammany are nominated by anybody else, be those candidates ever so good, I shall use my whole power to defeat them; for the nominating power is mine, and I shall not tolerate any interference with my prerogative. I shall therefore in this instance use all the influence of my Republican organization not to elect my ticket—for I know that I cannot do—and not to defeat Tammany—for I know I cannot do that with my Republican organization alone—but to defeat Seth Low. And thus I give notice that so long as I hold my power nobody shall encroach with impunity upon my right to nominate. If anybody outside of my Republican organization who commands votes will recognize my right to nominate and negotiate with me upon that basis, I may be willing to make a trade."

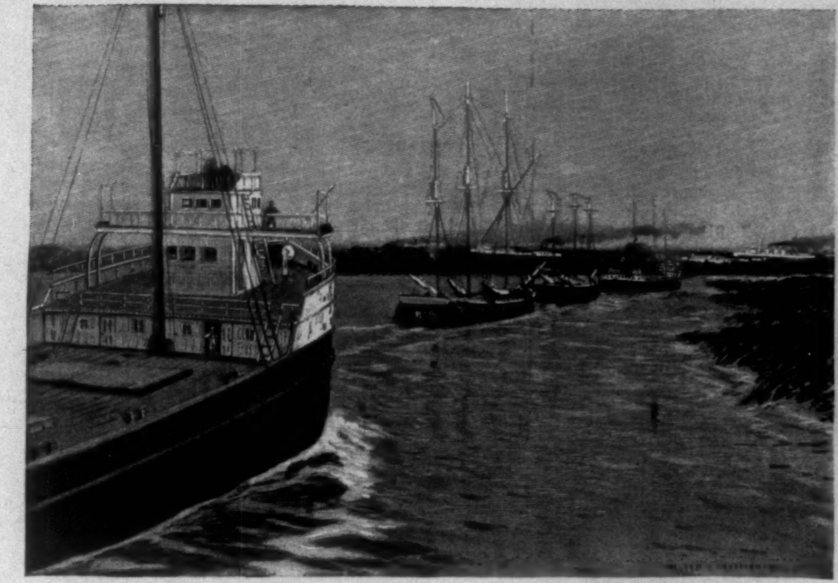
It is to be hoped that the citizens of New York will fully appreciate their situation. The power to nominate is half the power to elect. He who can dictate the nominations of a party or of a combination of citizens cannot, indeed, compel the election of the candidates nominated by him; but certainly nobody on that side will have a chance of being elected unless the man holding the nominating power makes him a candidate. A political party permitting one man to possess himself of the power to make its nominations is a party of political slaves. And Boss Platt is now attempting to extend that condition of slavery, with himself as master, beyond the boundary of his own organization. There is little doubt that if the rank and file of the Republican party in Greater New York had originally, without any interference by Boss Platt or his minions, been allowed to express their honest preference, a large majority of them would have pronounced for Seth Low, and carried his name triumphantly through the Republican convention against the opposition of the politicians directly interested in bad government. Indeed it required the incessant shouting of drivers and cracking of whips to keep down that sentiment even inside of Boss Platt's own camp. At last he succeeded in having the nominations of his choice obsequiously ratified by his subject hosts, and in inducing a respectable gentleman to serve as his cat's-paw; and thus re-enforced he renewed his attempts to subject to the same political enslavement beyond his regular organization all the sincere friends of good government in the city. He simply demands of them that they shall surrender their candidate for the Mayoralty, Mr. Low, not as if Mr. Low were not an eminently fit man for the office, but simply because a number of citizens of high character and universally recognized intelligence and public spirit have had the audacity to make Mr. Low their candidate without Boss Platt's previous consent—that is, without recognizing his right and power to nominate. If that surrender be not made, he threatens to turn over the city to Tammany. If it be made—that is, if his right to determine who shall and who shall not be nominated and voted for be thus admitted—he will graciously listen to suggestions as to some other candidate to be put in the vacated place. This demand appears especially brazen, considering the fact that the number of citizens whose signatures stand behind Mr. Low far exceeds the number shown by the enrolment of his subjects, which is known to be largely fraudulent.

Is it not high time that the friends of good government in the city of New York, without distinction of party, should use every means in their power to put a stop to this insolent denial of their right to designate the men whom they deem it best for the public good to vote for? Can they, without loss of self-respect and without a base betrayal of the public interest, submit to so audacious a usurpation? Is not the fight against such pretensions really a fight for the fundamental principles of democratic government, ay, for the freedom of the suffrage itself? Is it a wonder that many thoughtful men, and old Republicans too, have arrived at the conclusion that to tolerate the fastening of such a yoke upon the neck of the community may be more harmful to the cause of good government than even a few years of Tammany misrule? Must not those who still think that submission to the despotism of Boss Platt is justifiable in the struggle against Tammany on the principle that we may fight the devil with fire—must they not see that such continued submission will make of our politics a permanent arena for a lot of devils to fight one another with fire? That the situation is full of difficulties and complications cannot be denied. But the true friends of good government can do one thing that is sure at last to tell—that is, with a clear presentation of the case, to call upon the people to assert their right of free suffrage. It is high time thus to appeal from the bosses to the masses.

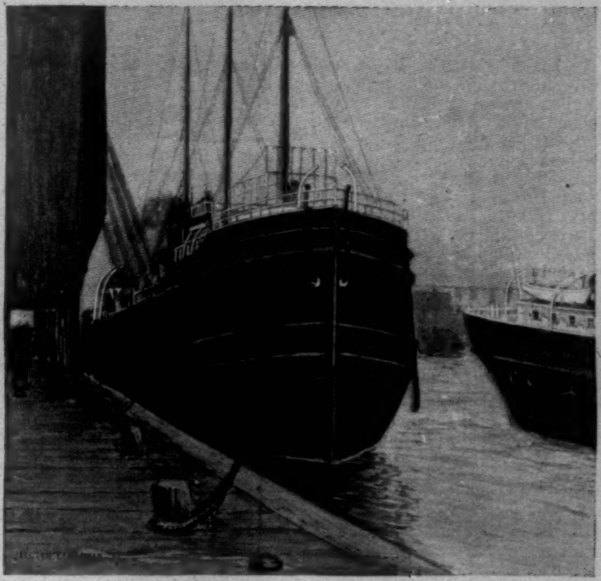
Carl Schurz.



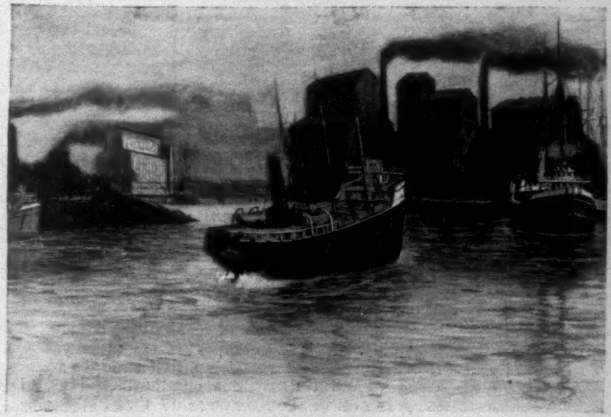
SHIPPING GRAIN AT BROOKLYN ELEVATORS.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 1014.]



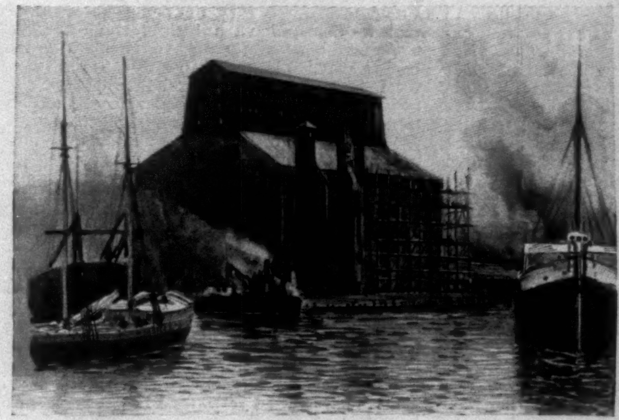
A TOW OF GRAIN-VESSELS COMING THROUGH ST. CLAIR FLATS, THE WATERWAY CONNECTING LAKE HURON WITH LAKE ERIE.



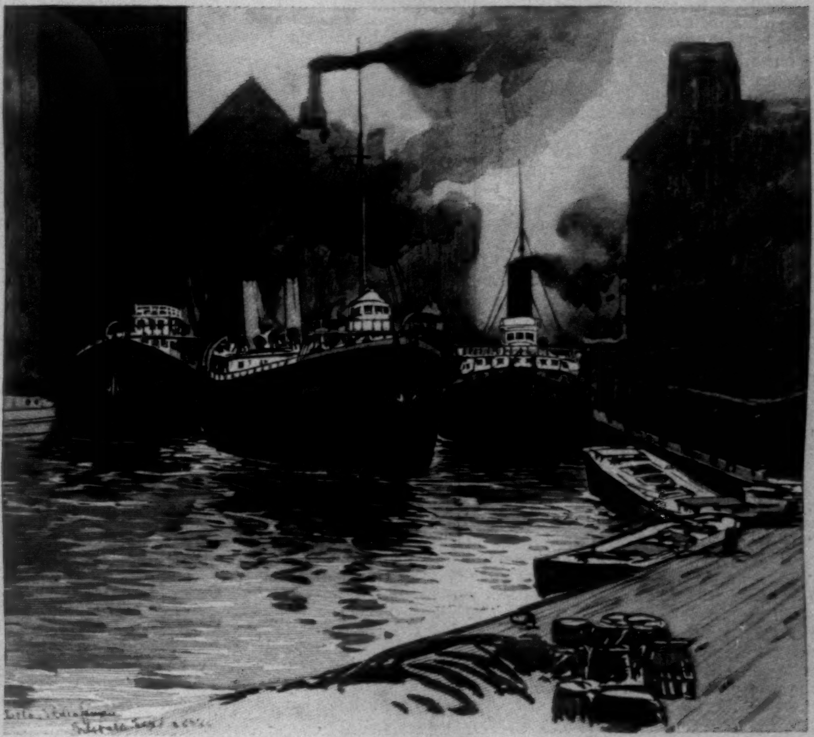
LOADING GRAIN AT BUFFALO.



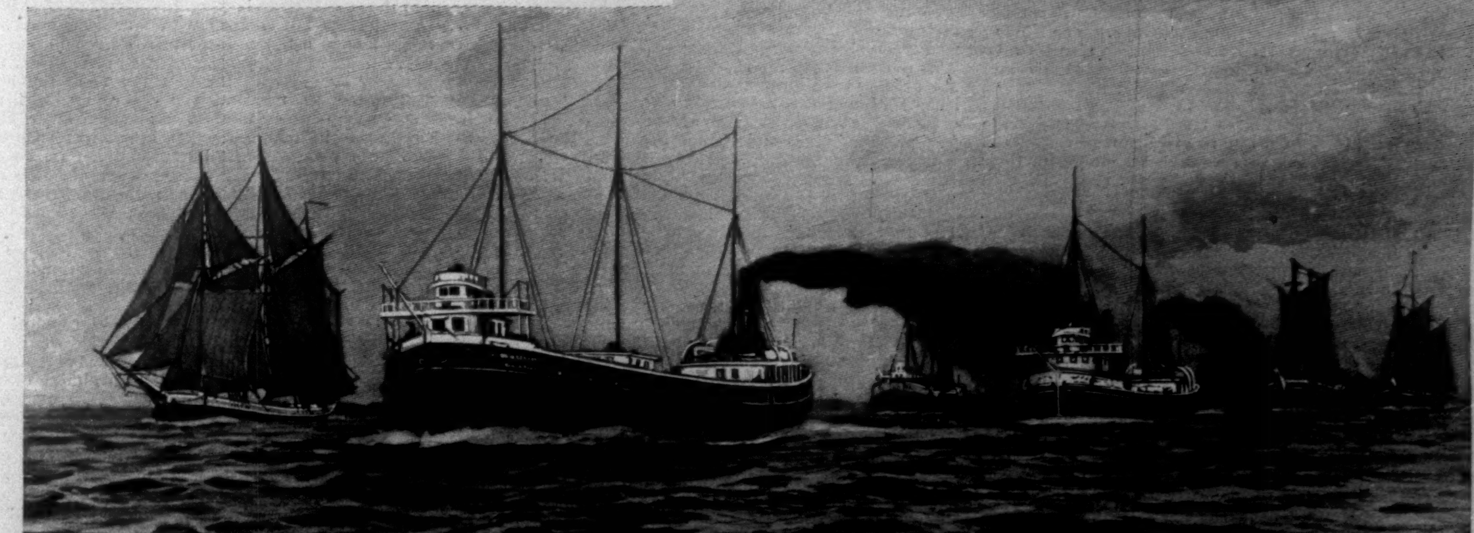
GRAIN-ELEVATORS AND STEAMERS AT TOLEDO.



THE LARGEST ELEVATOR ON THE LAKES—AT BUFFALO.



BUFFALO'S CROWDED HARBOR.



FLEET OF GRAIN-VESSELS COMING OUT OF THE DETROIT RIVER, BOUND FOR BUFFALO.

MOVING THE GREAT GRAIN CROP THROUGH THE LAKES.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.—[See Page 1014.]

THE FÉMINISME MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

It is doubtful whether a mind whose processes and faiths are the results and constructions of American and English environment can ever completely understand the French view of woman. One who reads modern French literature—for example, Marcel Prévost's studies of women—will go far astray in assuming them to be simply pathetic or amusing excursions for the entertainment of fleshly imaginations. Nevertheless, it is probably the fact that the *Lettres de Femmes* and the other and the last *lettres de femmes* are ranked among the volumes that are kept under lock and key in men's clubs, and whose presence on the shelves promotes a zest for literature in minds to which purity is commonplace and sublimity incredible. I am speaking, of course, of Anglo-Saxon minds, and, besides, of minds taught to judge with conventional accuracy and harshness, to accept no palliating motive or excuse, and to indulge their native baseness, if any exist, by a greedy acceptance of French frankness as lubricity *prepense*, and I am not going so far as to say that the Anglo-Saxon mind ought to like all the fiction that modern French writers pour out when I state that many of the books which are read by English and American youth with vile intent are conceived and executed in the most profoundly serious spirit, and are designed for good.

It is necessary to interrupt my general reflections for a moment to notice a somewhat ill-mannered denial of the truth of the charges against the French dandies who were at the Charity Bazar fire, and who saved themselves not only without attempting to save the women, but partly by the brutal and maybe fatal treatment of those women who were unhappy enough to be in the way of the flying gardenias. In a letter from Paris, a correspondent of a New York newspaper made himself the advocate of the young men who acknowledge Count Montesquiou as their leader, and he assumed the duty of denying the tale of cowardice, just as his client assumed the duty of challenging the men relatives of women whose allusions to canes in connection with *incendies* were too suggestive. It is immaterial whether this advocate of the idle dandies of Paris bore false witness innocently or wilfully, but as the paper for which he wrote the defence called his assertions an "exposure" of "journalism," and accepted his statement that the accusations were the inventions of irresponsible French and American journalists, it becomes necessary to say that the evidence of their truth is abundant; that it consists in the statements of women who were present, some of whom were injured; that since the publication of the letter by this champion of gardenias I have taken the trouble to verify my own statements by writing to Paris; and that no one there pretended to doubt the truth of the charge, except those most immediately and injuriously affected by it, until the matter involved a question of class, even of national honor. In view of the fact that the most forceful presentation of the charge was made by Le Passant in the organ of fashionable Paris, the statement that it was the invention of irresponsible French and American journalists cannot be reconciled with any other theory than that its author, if well informed, is not inclined to undervalue a truth that stands in the way of his necessities.

Among the evidences at my command are these: A distinguished artist says that the Juge d'Instruction told him that the evidence showed that the conduct of the men was "*navrant.*" That there were men at the fair on this fatal day is not denied by the correspondent who has made himself the defender of the Montesquiou set, but their number is astutely minimized. The bazar is an affair like an afternoon tea, for which invitations are issued, and the men who go to teas, who go everywhere where they can meet the pretty women of Paris, go also to the fair. Perhaps the best description of the kind of men who attend the bazar is to be found in *Le Baron Sinaï*, Gyp's latest novel, which, I judge from the date of the dedication, was published about two months after the fire. In reply to Madame Guérande, who has said "*les hommes qui vont à ces réunions—là sont si peu des hommes,*" Chagny, a thoroughly manly man of the world, replies: "You are right if you speak of men of our set. They are evidently poor creatures if they can employ their time no better. But there are others. There are those who go to these *fêtes* in order to meet and mingle with the fashionable world and to force its grateful doors with their money." There were thirty counters at the bazar, and fifteen to twenty-two women at each table, and each table must have possessed an attraction for some men. The French artist already mentioned says that he saw about thirty hats of men, besides some of priests, which were found after the fire, and not a priest lost his life; not a man lost his life, indeed, except the five men whom I named in my letter, and these accounted for themselves, as did the humbler men, including the roofer and the cook, who really did save life, and who have been honored for their courage by their enthusiastic countrymen, who have a wholesome love for brave men and as wholesome contempt for cowards. And this recalls the last bit of evidence that I shall offer, the monotonous cry "*les lâches! les lâches!*" uttered hour after hour by the secretary of a woman of rank, who fortunately escaped, concerning the men whose pretended efforts to save the baroness were signalized and eulogized by the zealous *Gaulois*. All this testimony I owe to the kindness of an exceedingly well-informed correspondent.

It may be thought an extravagant assertion that it is logical for a Frenchman to consider his life of greater value than the life of a woman; but this attitude is nevertheless the something which is bred by ages in a race—bred so constantly and is so unquestioned that it becomes to that race an almost eternal and immutable principle, even essence; becomes not only the thought but the inevitable sentiment of the race; becomes so much part of the mind that a doubt of it is the excitator of that dumfounding astonishment which has always greeted questionings of the soundness of what men call their "eternal verities."

Marcel Prévost—I take him for a type—is not writing that mean minds may revel in a corner over illicit relations between men and women. He is dealing philosophically with the inferior state of French women. He is showing us the living Frenchman's living French doll. Whether or not he might be engaged in better business may be deemed a question for him rather than for me, but I have at least the right to say that literature ought not to be demoralizing, and that Marcel Prévost's books are not only demoralizing, but that they give us such a revolting view of French character that whatever worthy purpose he may have must be thwarted. It cannot seem to Americans and Englishmen, who have made some advance in what the Frenchman calls the *féminisme* movement, that it is essential to the relief of women from legal and traditional injustice that the text of the sermons in their behalf should be forever the frailties of the idlers of the upper world or the temptations of the miserable and the lazy of the under world. Nevertheless, it is but justice to add that if one wishes to learn the kind of accepted principle of life, the kind of man and the kind of woman, that have been bred by certain French legal and social relations, by a certain secular faith, there is very little in French literature more illuminating and more pathetic than the letter of "Mademoiselle Cécile Coutard à Monsieur Louis de Listrac." One who reads the letter with the feeling that is the author's due—and it is surely due to every serious artist to believe that if he works in mud it is because he hopes to discover gold—one who reads this letter, I repeat, as a serious contribution to literature cannot escape the conviction that its intention is to strip the decorations of manners from the true relations of the sexes to each other.

This, at least, is what the letter does, and what other letters and stories of Prévost and of other modern Frenchmen do; and when it is added that Prévost is probably a *féministe* of one faction or school or another, his intent seems clear. For the movement in France against the wrongs or the position of woman, as I have said, is becoming general. Alexandre Dumas *fils* was not the first of French dramatists to avail himself of the pathetic interest of women's lives—of the lives of the women who are first the victims of men, and then the ill-omened birds of prey that feed their revenge not alone on the strength but on the very hope of the nation. *La Femme de Claude* was the expression of the dramatist's later years, and his remarkable preface to the terrible drama, in response to the critic Cuvillier-Fleury, was the speech of the man who had so greatly suffered that he felt himself impelled to warn his countrymen, broken and heart-sore after their great defeat, against the luring enemy within the gates. But *La Dame aux Camélias* was the pitying voice of the younger man resenting the primal injustice to women. It must not be assumed that this question of *féminisme* is merely one of the social problems that are no more revolting in France because they are there dealt with frankly, or no less exigent in England and America because our Teutonic minds decline to permit the expression of our thoughts on the theme. Since the days when Dumas appeared on the Parisian stage as the champion of the only kind of woman to whom his worthy father, and comrade, had presented him, the relation of women to the world of men and affairs has come to be discussed in all its varied phases, and France is asked, at last, to render to woman that justice which other nations accorded to her years ago.

We have our own woman's rights movement, which at present breaks out in neurotic manifestations, assailing the state with a demand for the admission to the suffrage of voters who habitually entertain as lively a hostility to established law and orderly precedent as has yet been exhibited by the most unwelcome of our immigrants. But these manifestations are merely the traditional mischief invented by evil counsellors to vary the monotony of idle hours. The *féministes* of France have not yet reached the point where they can find the leisure for trying to seize the moon in their teeth. The woman's rights movement in France is engaged in serious work, and the whole broad field of what is called the "emancipation of women" lies temptingly before it, for the gallant nation is more unjust, or less just, to its women than any other nation of Europe.

For fifty years woman in this country has owned her own property, so that now there is no American, probably, who ever thinks of a woman as a human being who parts with all her possessions at her marriage. It is true that she may often surrender her spiritual possessions, and in some parts of the country, where a certain unwritten law has been recently declared, she may herself be so far considered as mere personalty that her consent, otherwise her free will, plays no part in the issue which her husband settles summarily; but her visible possessions are her own; the moneys and lands that she brings and all that she earns belong to her, and the law gives her all the protection against the wrongs of husband, as of others, of which human crudity is capable. In England a married woman's property act was passed in 1882. The Danish woman has had the right to collect and to dispose of the product of her toil since 1880. The Swedish woman since 1874, and the Norwegian since 1888, have had the same property rights. Even the woman who is the subject of the Tsar is the mistress of her own. But in France the woman of the humbler class who is married works for the man, keeps her money only if he will, and must give it to him if there is the best of reasons why she should be permitted to withhold it—as, for example, if he be an idle drunkard, spending for his pleasures the earnings of the wife and mother that are needed for the household. Among the shopkeeping *bourgeoisie*, the woman works also alongside of the husband, is often the real head of the establishment, especially in the little businesses whose prosperity depends upon good taste, patience, tact, and unfailing courtesy. And for the toil which knows little rest, the possible maker of the family's prosperity receives what is granted by the head of the house, whose temper and awkward-mindedness may possibly prevent the wife's achievement of a still greater prosperity, involving a larger *dot*, and therefore a more shining marriage for the daughter.

If any reader of the **Weekly** is curious to acquaint himself with the effect which existing conditions have made upon French nerves, let him, or her, read M. Léopold Lacour's unpleasant but illuminating book, entitled *Humanisme Intégral*, which is the name that M. Lacour prefers to give to the movement in which he is interested, because he regards it as an effort to give to woman her right place by the side of man, thus composing humanity of the two sexes that are now, in his view, engaged in a repulsive duel. M. Lacour's book expresses, as a socialist expresses every belief, the extreme utterance of the movement. He sees all the shadows of his time, and he contemplates the very abysm of existing conditions alone. There is no relief for him except in the overthrow of all that is responsible for the laws that touch French women, and of all established order that is unfortunate enough to be contemporary with those laws. But, like all extravagances that are born of actualities, this book of a sincere mind and of a sympathetic heart reveals not only the truth but the direction in which French life is marching. The imaginings that seem wild to-day are often the sober, perhaps the terrible, realities of to-morrow.

We learn from this work of M. Lacour's of certain demands that are made by women, and among the demands of human beings are likely to be found the things they need and deserve. Victor Hugo prophesied that as the eighteenth century had "proclaimed the rights of men, the nineteenth will proclaim the rights of women." And while the rest of Europe has in a measure fulfilled the prediction, France—the land of the prophet—is approaching the twentieth century with her old laws as to women unchanged. There are among the demands quite enough evidences of that faith in statutes that is the common folly of democracies to show that the French woman's rights movement will eventually be part and parcel of a world-wide movement, and that it will then in no respect differ from such movements everywhere. But the fundamental demand at present is that the woman who marries shall have that which belongs to her, and that she shall not be the slave of the husband, toiling for him, earning for him, living for him, having no rights antagonistic to him or to his inclinations, not having equal rights with him when it comes to the question of the culpability which permits the breaking of the marriage tie, not enjoying equal power with him over their children, not having the right to kill him if he be guilty against her, as by No. 324 of the Penal Code he has the right to kill her if she be the sinner.

There is so much in French domestic life that is beautiful that one cannot sympathize with the victims of its vices without wondering whether, on the whole, any reform that law might make would increase the joys of that charming portion of our puzzling race which not only dwells in the most beautiful land in Europe, but which has supplemented nature more cleverly, and perhaps more happily, than any other people in the world. I must admit, at the end of my discourse, that I have been talking of the minority, and that the greater number of French women and French men are probably not what their laws and institutions have made them, but are what Christian civilization makes of all fine natures that come within its gentle mastery. The French family, and the comradeship that comes from the common interest of the man and the woman in the business that sustains the family, may possibly be due to something besides the very nature of the people. At any rate, it is clear that relations and sentiments that are traditional, and that have come to be part of the racial essence, are not to be lightly disturbed, and that changes by law should be slow and of insistent conditions. There is something going on in the French mind that finds expression in the *féminisme* movement, and in the increasing assurance, too, which we have in literature, on the stage, and even in political and economic discussion, that a good many Frenchmen are weary of being forced to economies that they may have a little fortune for each daughter, enough of a fortune to enable the most palpably intended old maid to buy an unhappy marriage for herself, and that a good many French women are rather ashamed of the sordid side of the affair of marriage. One is irresistibly tempted to say here that if proper love-affairs in France should ever cease to walk in the straight path of conventional commerce, the French novel would be inevitably purified. Judging from the present French novel which has love for its subject, an ordinary, proper, and permitted passion, in France, may lend itself to comedy; but if a story of love is to be tragic and absorbing, it must enjoy the advantage of irregularity. This, however, is aside. The mingling of business with marriage at all must suggest that the partnership should be even, and that if the woman is to furnish part of the common capital, she should have the right by law, and not merely by reason of the charitable and kindly disposition of her husband, to enjoy her equal share of the fruits that are born both of her capital and her labor. This much at least *féminisme* might accomplish without brushing off the fine flower of the relations that now exist between the happy man and woman who are civilized and Christian. The law, after all, is for the weak, and though they are in the minority who suffer in France from the slavery that the law permits, even intended once, it must seem better to our American minds that the risk that attends change should be taken rather than that this minority should continue to suffer from the hardships that destroy [illegible] moral as well as the physical life of the women who are the victims. When, however, *féminisme* shall score its triumph; when the woman's *dot* shall remain her own, or shall be surrendered only when she wishes to surrender it; when her earnings shall be her own; when she shall have the right to an equal share of the profits of the little shop—there will probably be less of the charming sentiment between wife and husband who carry on the family's trade; there may be less of the kindly atmosphere which now surrounds so much of the polite bargaining that goes on in so many a little shop; but there will doubtless be happy women where there are now slaves, and perhaps there will be a revolution in the attitude of Frenchmen towards French women in that something that, as I have said at the beginning of this article, has become to the race "an almost eternal and immutable principle, even essence . . . . not only the thought, but the inevitable sentiment of the race." Perhaps M. Paul Bourget has most happily suggested the philosophy of this wide subject in these sentences—at any rate, I will close by reminding the reader of what he has said:

"Si les Orientaux, par exemple, ont réduits leurs femmes à un affreux état d'esclavage et de dégradation, c'est qu'ils les ont aimées avec la plus violente sensualité. Or il se cache dans toute sensualité un fond de haine, parce qu'il s'y cache un fond de jalousie bestiale. Si tout en laissant, dans le monde Latin, plus de liberté aux femmes nous n'acceptons pas sans révolte l'idée de leur indépendance et de leur initiative personnelle, c'est que nous éprouvons, à travers des raffinements de toute nuance, un peu de ce qu'éprouve l'Oriental. La sensualité et le despotisme de sa jalousie sont là."

Henry Loomis Nelson.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Lord Kelvin's seventy-three years of active life seem neither to have abated his energy nor his interest in mundane affairs. He has been scurrying through the country at top speed for the last month, paying the liveliest attention to what he has seen, especially to what has concerned the practical uses of electricity. Lady Kelvin being asked in Boston what impressed her most in this land, made the diplomatic though doubtless sincere response: "The size of the country. It seems to have no end. When you are certain you have got to the limits, you find that you are still in the interior." This was after a journey of exploration as far westward as the Yellowstone. What seems to have most edified her husband are the electrical power plant at Niagara and the General Electric works at Schenectady. He dared to believe that in time the whole water-power of the Niagara River would be converted into electricity and put to work, an expectation that has excited the horror of some citizens. What he saw at Schenectady it would take an electrician to record, but it seems to have realized all his expectations, and to have edified and interested him in a degree that must have pleased his entertainers. This country, as most readers know, is far in the lead just now in electric-railway work, and the shops at Schenectady are providing electric-railway systems for London, Dublin, Madrid, Barcelona, and other European cities. In Boston he saw and gloated over the new subway. From there he went to Montreal to examine a new water-power works on the St. Lawrence, his further purpose being to return to New York and Philadelphia, and sail for home on October 11.

Something said in the **Weekly** about possible statues for Copley Square, in Boston, prompts the *Transcript* to recall that at least one portrait statue is sure to stand there, that of Phillips Brooks, already ordered from St. Gaudens, which will probably be placed in the grass-plot adjoining Trinity Church. As for a central statue, the *Transcript* wants none—not even one of Copley—but instead a first-rate fountain with real water in it.

Copley Square, by-the-way, is threatened by no less a calamity than an apartment-house of immense height, by contrast with which Trinity Church is to become a trifle, the Art Museum a hovel, and the whole square a scandal. But it isn't built yet, though the plans are ready.

The big liner *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, of which, as noted last week, so much was expected, outdid expectations. Her time from the Needles to Sandy Hook Lightship (which she passed at 8.05 Sunday night, September 26) was five days, twenty-two hours, and thirty-five minutes. This beats the Southampton record made by the *St. Paul* by an hour and fifty-six minutes—a great feat for any ship, and especially for a new one on her maiden trip. Her officers expect her to better it, under favorable conditions, by at least twelve hours, a rate of speed which would carry her from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in less than five days.

The provision for the retirement of judges at the age of seventy, which is operative in most of the State courts of the United States, constantly takes experienced and useful judges out of the public service while their powers are still unimpaired and their energies still equal to their task. None the less it is, in the long-run, a wise provision, as appears from the experience of courts which it does not affect. English judges hold office for life, and usually continue in active service until the last. How this resulted in Sir James Stephen's case is still fresh in the public memory. A recent case of analogous features is that of Mr. Justice Cave, of whom the London *Times* said, the other day, in its obituary notice:

> Had Mr. Justice Cave died or resigned some years ago, the almost universal verdict would have been that few more efficient and capable judges had sat on the bench in recent years. . . . It would be flattery to say that the last years of his judicial career were as distinguished as the first. . . . The judicial day, short though it is, of late times seemed often too long for him. He was more alert in the morning than in the afternoon.

The *Saturday Review*, intimating that the decorous *Times* has expressed itself very, very mildly, adds, "And how many other judges are there still sitting on the bench to whom the same words might be fitly applied?"

A painful report is circulating in Europe that the German Emperor has appropriated and spent the famous Guelph fund, of about $15,000,000, which constituted the private fortune of the kings of Hanover. The story of this fund is that when Prussia gobbled up Hanover in 1866 the fund was seized by Bismarck on the ground that the blind King of Hanover was conspiring to recover his throne. The income of it is supposed to have been used by Bismarck while he continued in power as a means of subsidizing newspapers, especially in France. The Emperor Frederick is said to have intended to turn over the fund to its rightful owner (by inheritance), the British Duke of Cumberland, but after his death no more was heard of that. The opinion that William has used the fund up, though not proved, seems to have a good deal of basis. At last accounts, however, he had not been arrested, and perhaps, even if the reports are true, he will simply assume the historic attitude of Boss Tweed, and ask his accusers what they propose to do about it.

It seems to be doubtful how far Williams College will succeed in reducing the number of her students by making a specialty of classical education and raising her standard. It is rumored that her policy of judicious exclusiveness has been so widely advertised and proves so popular that it is in danger of defeating its own ends and bringing to her more students than ever.

Editor William A. White, of the Emporia (Kansas) *Gazette*, is still active in divulging to his fellow-Kansans such truths as he can command, and his neighbors nowadays hear him willingly. The other day, when he made the annual address with which the fall term of the University of Kansas is used to be opened, the biggest crowd that ever got into University Hall was gathered to hear him. He laid greatest stress on the uses of education as a means for the abatement of greed. Greed, he said, was pretty equally distributed among all sorts and conditions of men, and he warned his hearers against the notion that it can be abated or controlled by law. "All the legislatures and congresses on the globe," he told them, "cannot better conditions that now exist while the greed which the farmer hates in the banker the hired man finds in the farmer, and the storekeeper has to outwit in the hired man." The remedy, he thought, was in education of a sort defined as "the most practical preparation for conduct that will get the most happiness from the life that is now, while it returns the most happiness to one's fellows." Mr. White insists that Kansans and others who believe in having folks love their neighbors as themselves should not be content to "immolate themselves and act as neighbor while they repress any desire they may feel to officiate as lover." He declared that Christ's injunction to the young man to give his fortune to the poor was not given for the benefit of the poor, but of the young man, and that it did not warrant any bystander in compelling the young man to divide. Mr. White thinks that the world is only beginning to realize the meaning of Christ's lesson to that young man, and that when it comes to realize it fully we shall no longer say, "The fool and his money are soon parted," but, "The fool and his money are inseparable." He believes in education as the great factor in bringing that realization about, and that hope makes him declare that "the primary object of an education should be to instruct men and women in the gentle art of spending money after they have earned it."

Kansas, the same Kansas that was in such plights of poverty only six months ago, let herself out last week in a six-day celebration, at Topeka, of the return of prosperity and the consequent amelioration of her circumstances. The central figure of "festivities conducted on the most elaborate scale ever witnessed in the West" was a festival queen who appeared nine times in nine different and ever-memorable gowns, and was adorned besides with crowns and jewels of fabulous value, supplied by Tiffany. The reports have told of crowds of happy Kansans flocking to the show, of railroads unable to transport all who wished to be hauled, and of Topeka overrun with visitors who had money in their pockets and spent it "like the typical Westerner of former days." Kansas has much to be happy over. To have paid one's debts and to have money to spend after four years of hard-pan, struggle, and lamentation is an experience that justifies profound thankfulness and incidental high jinks.

While Mr. Frank Stockton's narrative of polar adventure, now running in **Harper's Magazine**, is the most thorough, comprehensive, and interesting of recent polar disclosures, it has not wholly diverted attention from the reports of other voyagers. Lieutenant Peary's steam-bark *Hope* has got safely back to Boston after a two months' trip, in which it penetrated as far north as Cape Sabine, latitude 78° 44′. The *Hope's* trip was in all respects successful. Besides her crew of twenty, she carried a party of seventeen explorers, hunters, and scientists, who returned with valuable spoils and trophies. Lieutenant Peary found the old Greely camp at Cape Sabine, and brought home relics from it. Most important of all, he fetched home the famous hundred-ton mass of stone and iron discovered seventy years ago by Sir John Ross at Cape York, and believed to be a meteorite. To get that was a chief purpose of the expedition. All the objects of the expedition, including the establishment of Jansen at the whaling-station at Spicer Harbor, were accomplished without misadventure.

More than a month ago (on September 3) Mr. Frederick Jackson and the companions of his three years' stay at Franz-Josef Land got back to England. The chief result of his protracted investigations is the suspicion that the lands supposed to lie north of Franz-Josef Land, and named Petermann Land and King Oscar Land, do not exist. Mr. Jackson believes that there is no land to the northwest of Franz-Josef Land, and none between latitude 82° and the pole. He left supplies at Cape Flora for Andrée, or whoever might happen along, and established another depot at Bell Island.

A rumor that emanates from London that Uncle Sam is feeling his way toward the purchase of Greenland from Denmark may very possibly have been started to facilitate the purchase of that outlying district by Great Britain. The prospective use of Hudson Strait as a route for grain-carrying vessels from Manitoba gives new value to the southern end of Greenland. Ships from Hudson Bay bound for England would pass almost in sight of Cape Farewell. The development of the North seems on the eve of rapid advancement. The district lying between the sixtieth and seventieth parallels, which includes the southern end of Greenland, includes also nearly all of Alaska, most of Norway and Sweden, all of Russia north of St. Petersburg, Iceland, and the Shetland Islands. Well to northward in it are such cities as Archangel, Bergen, and Trondhjem. Just to the south of it, in the latitude of Cape Farewell, are Christiania and St. Petersburg, both of which lie nearer the north pole than Juneau, and much nearer than Sitka. If the Alaskan gold-mines meet present expectations, there will be cities in that territory where civilized creatures can live in comfort; and of course the Hudson Strait traffic, if it comes, is likely to make business for a port in Greenland. Civilized people will live very far to the north if the motive is adequate.

There is news also from the other end of the American continent. The Princeton expedition to Patagonia has returned, with great store of trophies and information. The east side of Patagonia belongs to the Argentine Republic, the west side to Chile. Messrs. Hatcher and Peterson, who had charge of the Princeton expedition, dealt only with the east side, and had help and courteous treatment from the Argentine government in prosecuting their explorations. They began at Port Gallegos, worked up along the coast from Magellan Strait to Port Desire, and then spent five months in an expedition in the interior, about the head-waters of the Santa Cruz River, and northward into the unknown region of the Cordilleras. On this trip they saw no human being except themselves, but they added to their knowledge of geography and geology and natural history. Afterwards they explored Terra del Fuego and the neighboring islands, and paid attention to the Indians, who live a primitive and rudimentary life in those parts. The expedition brought back a good many tons of bones, rocks, skins, and botanical specimens.

A plan of action has been arranged for Dr. Nansen, which will begin before he sets foot on American soil, and continue with brief intermissions during the term of his visit. He is expected to arrive by the *St. Paul* on Saturday, October 23. He will be met at quarantine by a delegation of gentlemen, who will see him safe ashore and past the custom-house officers, and escort him to his hotel. On Sunday he will be privately entertained in a manner in keeping with American sentiment as to the proper uses of the day. On Monday he will be his own man until evening, when the Norwegian citizens of New York and Brooklyn will form a torch-light procession in his honor in New York and serenade him at his hotel. On Tuesday he will visit Washington as the guest of the National Geographical Society. On Wednesday he will return to New York in time for the dinner to be given in his honor by representative Scandinavians of New York and Brooklyn. On Thursday, October 28, he will give his first lecture in Carnegie Hall, and after the lecture will receive the medal voted to him by the American Geographical Society. On Friday he will lecture in Philadelphia, and take his seat as a member of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. On Saturday he will lecture in New York and in Brooklyn, and after his second lecture will meet some distinguished scientists at supper. On Sunday he will perhaps rest.

The next day, November 1, he starts eastward, lecturing at Providence, New Haven, and Worcester. On Thursday, November 4, he reaches Boston, where the local Scandinavians are to meet him at the station with brass bands and other flatteries, and are to have a supper and reception in his honor after the lecture. If he survives he will lecture in Lowell on Friday, and in Boston again twice on Saturday, and so on. Thus his work is laid out for him up to December 20, and as he is an exceptionally hardy person, he will probably execute the programme as it is written, and do besides whatever else worth doing may incidentally offer.

Seven thousand five hundred dollars has been awarded by the State Board of Claims to John Roberts, of New York, as damages for his confinement in State prison for twenty-two months for a crime he did not commit. Roberts, a saloon and restaurant keeper, was arrested in January, 1877, on charge of burglary, and was convicted and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Two years later, when it had been conclusively proved that he was innocent, he was pardoned. In 1895 he was restored to citizenship, and the Legislature authorized him to sue the State for false imprisonment. He sued for $168,976—$100,000 personal damages, $30,000 business loss, and the rest interest. Now, twenty years after the wrong was done him, he gets $7500.

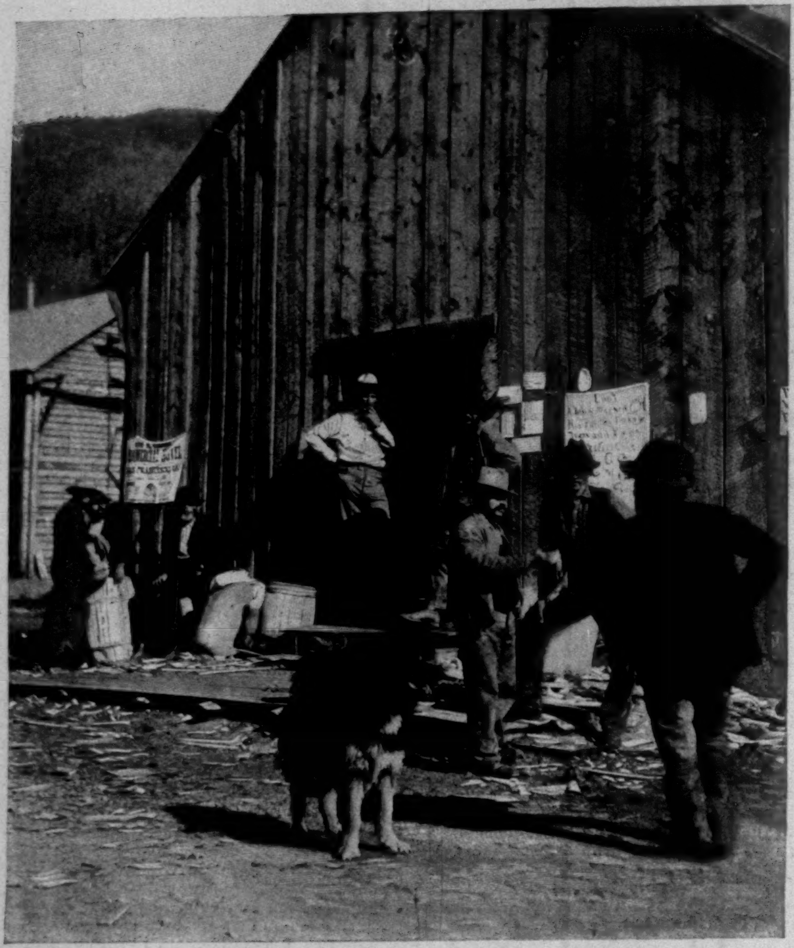
It seems reasonable to infer from this award that the State Board of Claims will never die of enlargement of the heart. It finds a precedent for its award in the action of the old State Board of Audit, which gave $8000 in a similar case in 1879. When the law does a wrong, as in Roberts's case, reparation is very hard to get, and usually inadequate when obtained. It is nobody's business to set right the mistakes of official justice. The theory is that justice does not err; and when she does, it seems to be the practice to ignore it as far as possible, to do as little as possible for the victim, and do that little meanly, reluctantly, and tardily.

It is recognized that moving-day in New York is no longer May 1, but has come to be the 1st of October. Practically it is spread over a fortnight or more, including the last ten days in September and the early part of October. The understanding is that a May lease is favorable to the tenant and unfavorable to the landlord. Thrifty people who rent till May can store their effects and go into the country for the summer, and defer hiring a new town abode until fall. That saves rent, though it undoubtedly increases trouble. Of course it is not a practice that landlords approve, consequently they favor October leases. The Jewish New-Year, which fell on September 27 this year, and with the celebration of which the East Side synagogues were vocal last week, better marks the true beginning of the twelvemonth in New York than the first of January does. Now the schools are opening or have already opened; now families return, vacations close, and even the reluctant golfers are constrained to admit that there are other interests in life besides golf.

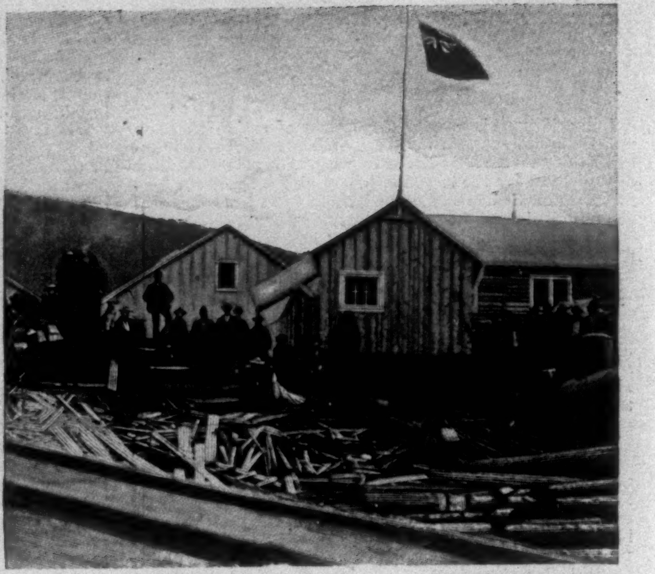
In spite of bicycles, automotors, trolley-cars, torn-up streets in New York, and all other hinderances to sport, the horse business is reported to be good, with most varieties of good horses in demand, and prices of raw material higher in the West. The horse show now abounds. Two important shows have already been held near Boston, several suburban shows near New York are in process or imminent, and this week is held the annual horse show of the Genesee Valley Hunt Club. The great shows in the cities—in New York, Chicago, Baltimore, and elsewhere—come later, when the fervor with which the hunting season begins has spent its first force. The exportation of American horses to Europe, especially for cavalry purposes, is reported to be a considerable and growing business, the effects of which on demand and on prices are felt and approved by breeders and dealers.

Mr. Moses P. Handy, the special commissioner of the United States for the Paris exhibition of 1900, is now in Paris, and feels sure that the United States will make a good showing at the great fair, and will have sufficient space to make it in. He is pleased with the plans for the exposition, has received assurance of the co-operation of such important exhibitors as President Depew, President Frank Thompson, and Mr. Pullman, is getting new applications daily, and feels confident that Congress will make an adequate appropriation. If American prosperity holds out for three years more, all Major Handy's hopes will be realized. By 1900, if all goes well, Chicago will have forgotten all the pains and penalties of her memorable effort, and remembering only its glory, will be ready to do unto Paris as she would be done by.

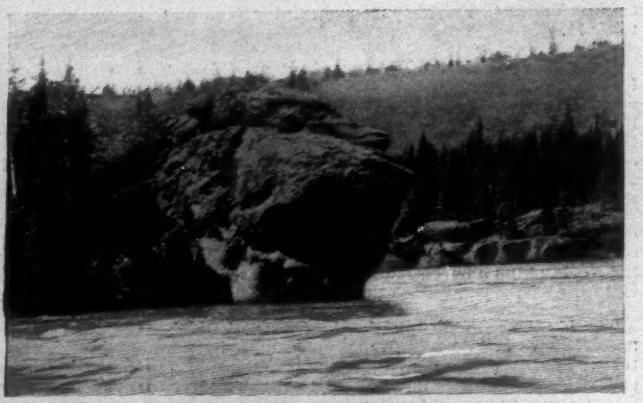
E. S. Martin.



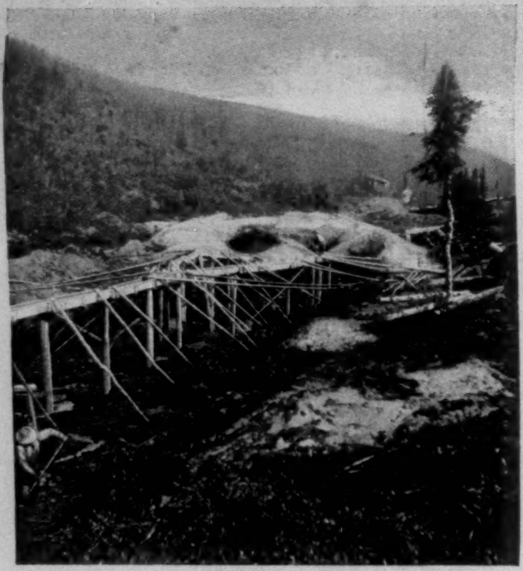
STORE AT DAWSON CITY.



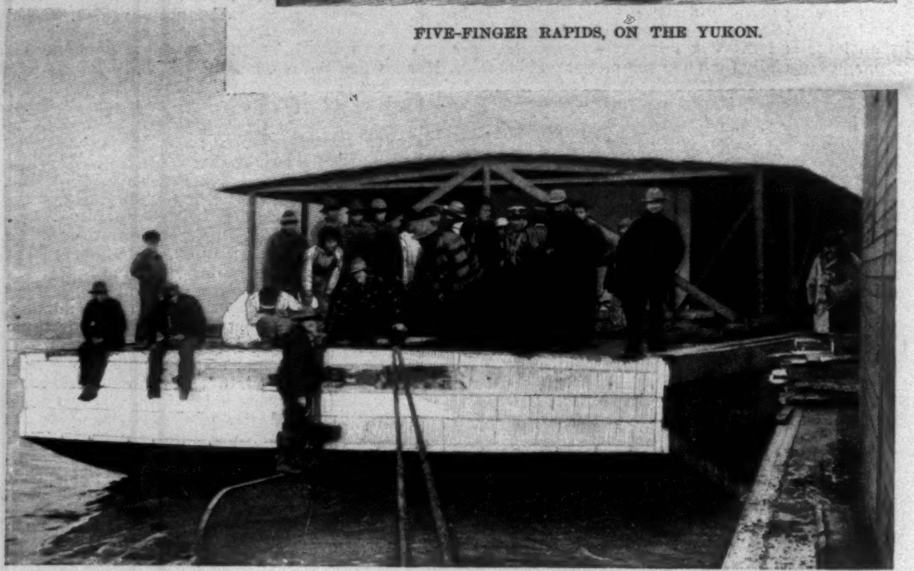
ON THE RIVER-FRONT AT DAWSON.



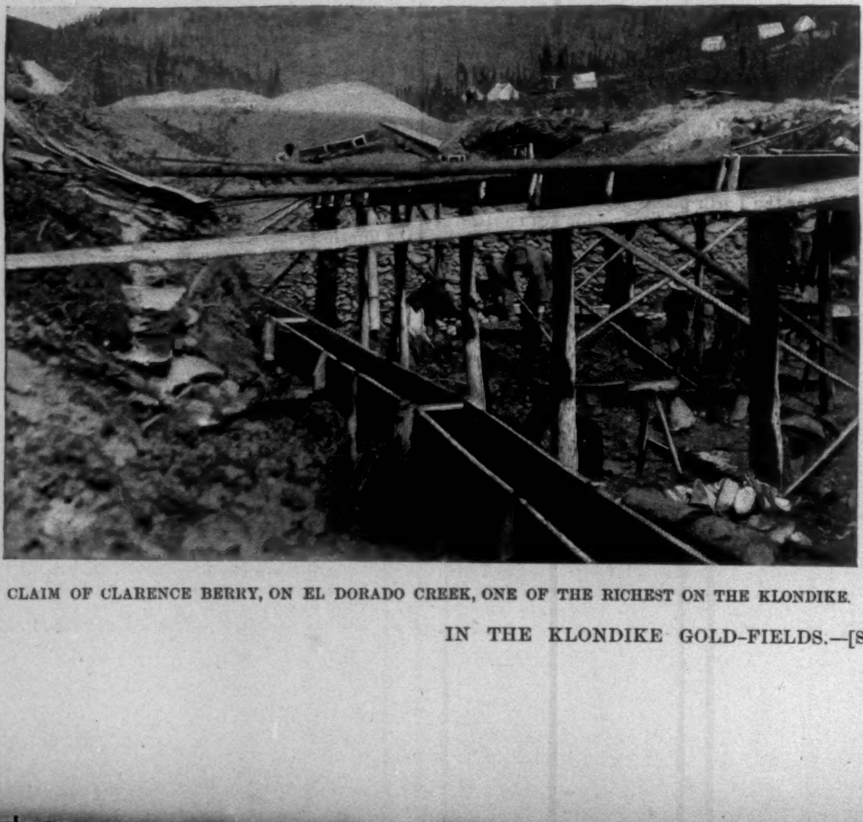
FIVE-FINGER RAPIDS, ON THE YUKON.



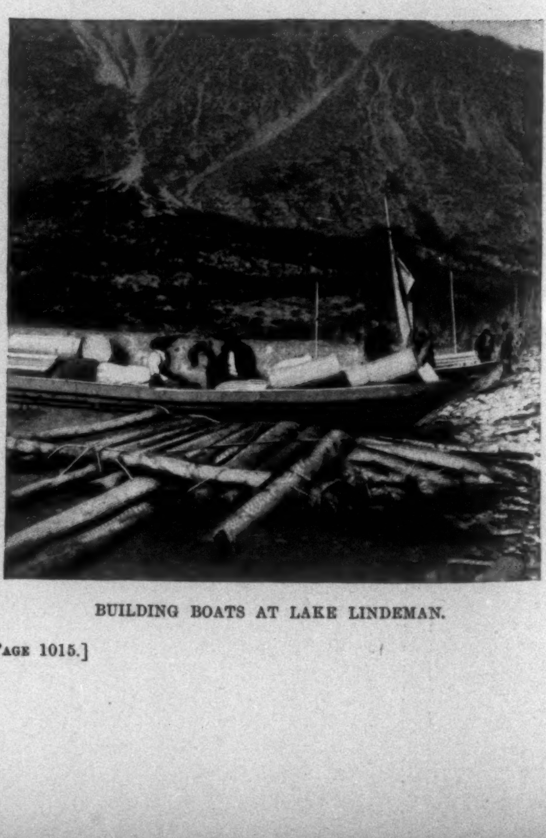
CLAIM OF LEAKE & ASHBY, ON EL DORADO CREEK.



A BARGE ON THE YUKON.

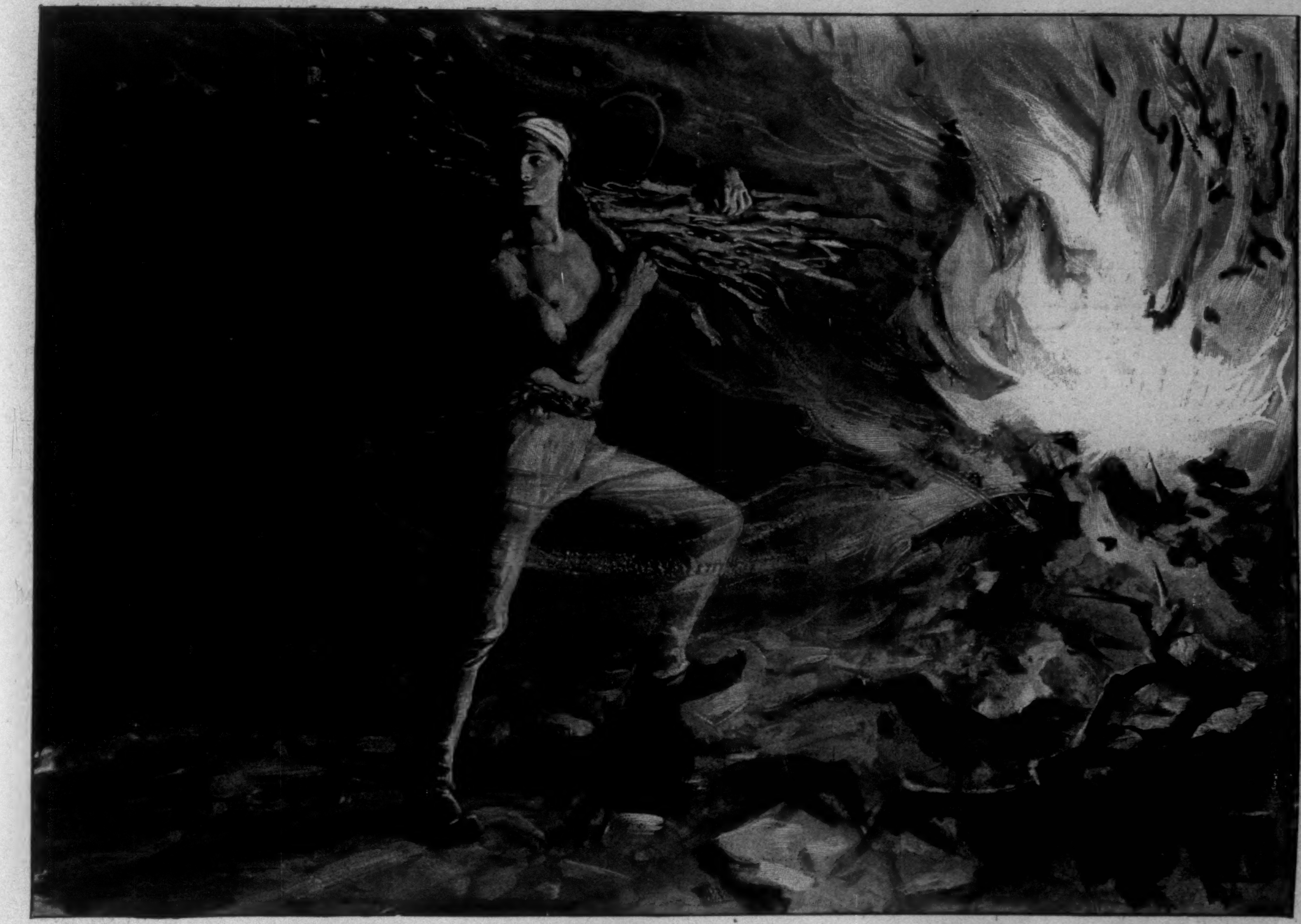


CLAIM OF CLARENCE BERRY, ON EL DORADO CREEK, ONE OF THE RICHEST ON THE KLONDIKE.



BUILDING BOATS AT LAKE LINDEMAN.

IN THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS.—[SEE PAGE 1015.]



"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF 'DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

As soon as the clan had started, Mitsos, left to himself, ate his supper, and sat down to wait till the darkness came on. It had been a hot sultry day for that time of year, and he had packed up with the rest of his things a heavy woollen cloak, which Nicholas had given him to replace the one he had left behind in his race to Tripoli, and was dressed only in his linen trousers, shirt, and open Albanian jacket, the air still being heavy like a blanket on the mountain-side; but he saw that clouds had gathered on the top of Taygetus, and were pushing down westward in the direction of the camp. But they remained as yet high, and though before sunset they had stretched right over from Taygetus to the peak of Ithome in the west, a gray floor looking like marble, and flushed here and there where they were thinner with the fire of angry sunset, the northern heaven was still clear, and his beacon-point close above him stood out black and sharp-cut.

For want of anything to do, he strolled up to the point where the stacks of gorse and brushwood had been collected, and began arranging the fuel. The lighter and drier wood he put on the windward side, so that the wind might drive the flames inwards against the larger bushes, which would catch less easily. He also tore a quantity of dry moss from the sides of a couple of plane-trees which grew to the leeward of the hill, and made a core of this within the brushwood, with a train of it, in the manner of a fuse, leading outwards to where he would apply the light. He had just finished this to his satisfaction, and was about to return to the camp to fetch up the burning lump of charcoal which he had fed during the afternoon, and which, in this wind which had sprung up, soon would kindle the moss into flame, when a few large raindrops fell splashing on the ground, and he hurriedly covered the dry, tinderlike furze with thick branches of fir in order to keep it protected. Then for a few moments the rain ceased again; but Mitsos, looking up, saw that the clouds had grown black and swollen with congested water, and that a regular downpour might break out any moment. His next thought was for the burning charcoal below, and springing up, he began to run quickly down the hill-side in order to carry it under cover of the ammunition-magazine. But before he had gone fifty yards the storm broke in a sheet of blinding rain, falling a little aslant in the wind, but like a rain of bullets for heaviness. However, in hopes of saving the charcoal, he ran on, and raking about in the black embers of his fire, already turning to a black mud under the storm, he found a lump of charcoal not yet extinguished. Then, taking off his cap, he wrapped this up tenderly in it, and carried it into the ammunition-magazine. There he sat for half an hour, with the rain rattling like musketry on to the roof, and from it managed to kindle a few more lumps; and looking out, he saw that night had come on, black and blinding.

The position was sufficiently uncomfortable. The beacon fuel would be soaked, and he had nothing to rekindle it with. Then he remembered a flask of brandy which Petrobey had told him to keep with him in case of emergency, and he ran across to fetch it from the hut. The clouds had lifted a little, though the downpour was still heavy; but looking up, he still saw the black outline of the beacon hill, showing that it, at any rate, was clear of mists. He groped about the walls of the hut for some little time before finding the flask, and just as he put his hand on it the rain ceased for a moment, and in the stillness he heard the sound of the footstep of some man stumbling up the hill-side just below. At that he stopped, and then creeping to the entrance of the hut, peered out. He could see nothing, but the step still advanced, drawing nearer.

Who could it be? It was hardly possible, though still just possible, that this man was some Greek of the clan coming from Petrobey with a message to him; or it might be some benighted peasant; or, again, it might be a Turk; and with redoubled caution he crept out of the hut, still keeping in the shadow, and looked round the corner; and whether it was the rustle of his moving in the dead silence or the faint shimmering of his white trousers in the darkness that betrayed him, the next moment, from some thirty yards in front, he saw the flash of a gun, and a bullet went singing by him, cracking in half one of the upright posts which bound the sides of the hut together. Mitsos stood up, as he knew he was seen, and called out, drawing his pistol, yet seeing no one, "Speak, or I fire"; and in answer he heard the sound of another charge being rammed home. He bolted back round the corner of the hut and waited. The steps advanced closer; clearly the man, whoever he was, finding that he did not fire, concluded that he had no arms, whereas the truth was that Mitsos, having seen nothing but the flash of the gun, thought it more prudent to wait until he had a better chance. But the steps came no nearer, and after a moment he heard them going with redoubled quickness up the hill towards the pass.

Then a solution flashed upon him. This could be no patriot, nor would a wandering peasant have fired at him; it could only be some Turk who had seen the Greek army advancing, had somehow eluded them, and was going hot-foot for Tripoli with the news. He must be stopped at all costs, and next moment Mitsos was doubling up the hill after him, keeping as much as possible in the cover of the trees. Clearly the man had missed his way in the darkness and had come unexpectedly upon the Greek camp, and seeing some one there, he had fired. In three minutes or so Mitsos, with gigantic strides, had gained considerably on him, and now saw him, with his gun on his shoulder, making up the hill. The man, he knew, carried a loaded rifle, and he himself carried a pistol.

They were now within fifty yards of each other, but Mitsos had the advantage of position, for while he was running between scattered trees the other was in the open. The man apparently recognized this, and changed his course, running towards the belt of wood; but then suddenly, seeing Mitsos so near, he halted and fired, and Mitsos felt the bullet just graze his arm; and then running forward while the man still stood, reloading his piece, he fired at him. The bullet went wide, and Mitsos, with a cry of rage and anger, ran on to close with him; but the other, while he was still some eight yards distant, finished loading, and was just raising his gun to his shoulder, when Mitsos, seeing his case was almost desperate, and that another couple of seconds would probably be the end, took hold of his heavy pistol by the barrel and flung it full in the Turk's face. He reeled for a moment and staggered, and Mitsos, gaining the advantage of that pause, rushed forward and closed with him. When it came to mere physical strength the odds were vastly in his favor, and in a moment, in the blind anger of fighting, he wrested the man's gun from him, and without thinking of firing, had banged him over the head with the butt-end. He fell with a horrid sound of breaking, and Mitsos, still drunk and beside himself with the lust of slaughter, laughed loud, and hit him again with his full force as he lay on the ground. There was a crack, and a spurt of something warm and thick came out in a jet against his trousers and over his hand. He paused only one moment, to make sure that this was a Turk he had killed, and then, without giving him another thought or waiting to brush the clotted mess off his clothes, he ran down again to see about the beacon.

The wound on his arm was but slight, though it bled a great deal and smarted like a burn, and only stopping to tear off a piece from his shirt sleeve, which he bound tightly round it, tying the knot with his teeth and his right hand, he again put the charcoal, which was burning well, into his cap, and with the flask of brandy set off for the top of the hill. The rain had come on again, hissing down in torrents; and tearing the cover of boughs off from the core of moss and furze, he found, to his dismay, it was quite damp and would not light. It was necessary to get a flame somehow; the brandy and the moss would do the rest if once he could get that, and to get a flame he must have something dry which he could blow at. There was no time to waste; already a big raindrop had made an ominous black spot in the middle of the glowing brand, and meantime everything was getting rapidly wetter. For a moment he clutched at his hair despairingly; the thing seemed an impossibility.

Then suddenly an idea struck him, and tearing off his jacket, he took off his shirt, which had been kept quite dry, and kneeling down with his back bare to the tearing rain, put the two lumps of charcoal in the folds of it, and blew at them. For a couple of seconds the linen smouldered only, but then a little golden flame shot up. Mitsos took the brandy-bottle, and with the utmost care shook out a few drops on the edge of the flame. These it licked up, burning more brightly, and soon the whole of the back of the shirt took fire. He crammed it under the thick core of moss and brushwood, and feeding them plentifully with brandy, coaxed the flame into the driest part of the moss. Now and then a little spark would go running like some fiery insect through the fibres, only to come to an end when it reached the damper stuff, and even the flame seemed to die down altogether; but meantime it had penetrated into the centre of the pile, and suddenly a yellow tongue of fire leaped out and licked the dripping branches of fir outside. These only smoked and cracked, and Mitsos pulled them off the pile, for they were but choking the flames, and running down to the edge of the wood, tore up a great armful of undergrowth which had been partially protected from the rain by the trees, and threw it on.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

Then the fire began to take hold in earnest, and through the thick volumes of smoke which were streaming away westward shot lurid gleams of fire. Now and then, with a great crash and puff of smoke, some thicker branches of timber would split and break, throwing out a cloud of ignited fragments, or again there would rise up a hissing and simmering of damp leaves like the sound of a great stewing over a hot fire. The place where he had first lit the beacon was all consumed, and only a heap of white frothing ash, every now and then flushing red again with half-consumed particles as some breeze fanned it, remained, and from the fir branches which Mitsos had taken off ten minutes ago, but had now put back, there were bursting little lilac fan-shaped nosegays of flame.

Meantime, with the skin of his chest down to the band of his trousers reddened and scorched by the heat, his back cold and dripping and lashed with the heavy whips of rain which had so belabored him in those first few moments of struggle between fire and water, his hair tangled, and steaming with heat and shower, his eyes blackened and burned with the firing, Mitsos bustled about—now pushing a half-burned branch into the fire; now lifting a new bundle of fuel, as much as he could carry in both arms, which pricked and scratched the tender skin of his chest; now glancing northwards to see whether Bassæ had answered him. With the excitement of the work and the fury and madness of the blood he had shed dancing in his black eyes, he looked more like some ancient Greek spirit of the mountains than like the lover of Suleima, the boy who was so tender for Yanni. In ten minutes more the rain had stopped; but Mitsos still worked on, until the heat of the beacon was so great that he could scarcely approach to throw on the fresh fuel. The flames leaped higher and higher, and the wind dropping, a shower of red-hot pieces of half-burned leaves and bark was continually carried upwards, peopling the night with fiery sparks, and falling around him in blackened particles, or floating away, like motes in a sunbeam, in feathery white ash. And as he stood there watching it, throwing new bundles of fuel upon it, and seeing them smoke and fizz and then break out flaring, the glory and the splendor of the deeds he was helping in burst in upon him with one blinding flash that banished other memories, and even Suleima for the moment was the shadow of a shadow. The beacon he had kindled seemed to illuminate the depths of his soul, and he saw by its light the cruelty and accursed lusts of that hated race and the glory of the freedom that was coming. Then, blackened and burned and sodden and drenched, he sat down for a few moments to the north of the beacon and looked out. Was that a star burning so low on the horizon? Surely it was too red for a star, and on such a night what stars were there in the sky? Besides, was not that a mountain which stood up dimly behind it? Then presently after it grew and glowed; it was no star, but the fiery mouth of message shouting north and south. Bassæ had answered.

There was still a little brandy left, and between his wetting and his scorching Mitsos felt that he would be none the worse for it, and he left his jacket to dry by the beacon while he went back to where the body of the Turkish soldier lay to look for his pistol, which he had till then forgotten. He searched about for some little while without finding it, for it had fallen in a tangle of undergrowth, and taking it and the man's gun, which might come in useful, he turned to go. Then for the first time a sudden feeling of compassion came over him, and he broke off an armful of branches from the trees around and threw them over the body in order to cover it, and then, crossing himself as the Greeks do in the presence of the dead, he turned away, and going once more up to the beacon to fetch his jacket, which had become quite dry in that fierce heat, he ran off down the hill to join the clan.

They had gone but slowly, for they did not wish to reach Kalamata till an hour before daybreak, and had halted at the bottom of the range where the foot-hills began to rise towards Taygetus when Mitsos came up. He was challenged by one of the sentries, and for reply shouted his own name to them, and finding Dimitri was his challenger, stopped to tell him of the success of the beacon and the answer flared back from Bassæ, and then went on to seek for Nicholas or Petrobey to report his return.

Petrobey was sitting by a camp fire when he came up, talking earnestly to Nicholas and Father Andréa, who had come in from the Nauplia contingent, and only smiled at Mitsos as he came up.

"That is the order, father," Petrobey was saying. "We want to take the place at all costs, but the less it costs us the better. I should prefer if it capitulated, and not to waste lives which we can ill spare over it. All the Turks inside the walls will be our prisoners, and then—"

"Yes?"

"Perhaps the moon will devour them," said Petrobey. "I shall make no conditions about surrender. Good-night, father. And now, little Mitsos, the beacon, we know, got lit. How, in the name of the holy saints, did you manage to do it?"

Mitsos unbuttoned his jacket and showed the bare skin beneath. "There is much in a shirt," he said, laughing, and told his story.

When he had finished, Petrobey looked at Nicholas with wonder and something like awe in his eye.

"Surely the blessing of the holy saints is on the lad," he said, in a low voice.

During the night the clouds blew off again, and an hour of clear starlight preceded the dawn. Before starting again, after an hour's halt about midnight, Petrobey called together the captains of the three other camps and gave them their instructions. Three battalions—those from Maina, from Argolis, including Nauplia and Laconia—were to besiege the citadel, while the battalion from Arcadia was to join the two from Messenia, which would meet them on the plain, and invest the harbor, destroy all the shipping except three or four light-built boats, which were to be kept in readiness for other purposes, and watch for the coming of the two Turkish ships of war. The Messenians, with a true and unselfish spirit, had asked Petrobey to name them a captain for the three battalions which would be employed on this work, and he, in order to prevent jealousy or dissent between them, had nominated one Niketas of Sparta, who was well known to most of the men, popular, and had seen service before on an English ship, where he had worked for two years, as in Greece a price had been placed on his head by the Turks for supposed brigandage. He had returned to his country a month ago, and hastened to put himself in the service of the patriots.

The citadel of Kalamata stood on rising ground about a mile from the harbor, but it was small, and a large undefended town, chiefly employed in commerce and the silk industry, had spread out southwards from its base, almost connecting together the harbor and it. The place was defended by a complete circuit of wall, and on three sides out of the four the rocks on the edge of which the walls stood were precipitous for about thirty feet. Under the western of these, and directly below the wall, ran a torrent bed, bringing down the streams from the mountains to the north, dry in summer, but now flowing full and fast with the melting of the winter snows above. On this side the town was impregnable to the Greeks, who at present had no field-pieces, nor arms of any kind larger than the ordinary muskets then in use; and similarly it would have been waste of time and lives to attack the citadel either on the north or east. On the north, however, was a picket gate in the wall, communicating with a steep flight of steps cut in the rock. Petrobey's plan, therefore, was to take possession at once of the lower undefended town, and to besiege the citadel from there, for with a body of men to guard the northern picket, though they could not get into the citadel from any other side, those within could not get out. Meantime the three corps, consisting of the Messenians and Arcadians, would cut off the harbor from the town, leaving the Mainotes, Argives, and Laconians to deal with the town itself.

When day broke they were further favored by a thick mist which rose some ten feet high from the plain, and under cover of this, manœuvring in some fields about a mile eastward from the town, the army split in two, and one-half marched straight down to the shore of the bay, and from there, turning along the coast, ranged itself along the harbor shore and on the breakwater, made of large rough blocks of stone, which sheltered the harbor from southerly winds, and the other portion, leaving the citadel on their right, went straight for the lower town.

Half an hour afterwards the heat of the sun began to disperse the morning mists, and as they got to the outskirts of the town the last vapor was rolled away, and the sentries on the citadel, looking out southwards, saw three battalions of soldiers not half a mile off. The alarm was given at once, and spread through the lower town like fire. From all the houses rushed out men, women, and children, some still half clad, just awakened from their morning's sleep, to find refuge in the citadel, or hoping to find refuge and flight in the shipping.

But the army came on in silence, making its way slowly up the narrow streets towards the citadel, without being attacked by the terrified and unarmed inhabitants, and in its turn neither struck a blow nor fired a shot. Two battalions only had entered the town, the third remaining on the outskirts to the east, acting like a "stop" in cover-shooting, and driving back the game into the cover again. From the west of the town a bridge led over the torrent, and here Petrobey stationed some thirty men to prevent any one leaving the town across the river; but before long, wishing to concentrate all his forces again, Yanni was sent to the party picketed there with orders to destroy the bridge. This was made of wood, but preparations were in hand for replacing it with one of iron, and several iron girders were lying about on the bank for the approaching work. With one of these as a lever, and twenty men to work it, it was an affair of ten minutes only to prize up the nearest planks of the wooden structure, and after that to saw in half a couple of the timber poles on which it rested. The bridge, thus weakened, drooped towards the water, and soon was caught by the swift stream below. Then, as some monstrous fish plucks at a swimmer's limbs, it twitched and fretted against the remaining portion, and soon, with a rush and swirl of timbers and planks, it tore away a gap of some twenty feet across, sufficient to stop any would-be fugitives. Here and there, in the passage of the troops up the town, a house was shut and barred against them, but for the most part the inhabitants streamed out like ants when the hill is disturbed. Once only was resistance offered, and from the upper window of a house a Turk fired upon the soldiers, killing one man; and Petrobey, heading a charge himself, burst in the door, and a couple of shots were heard from inside. Then, without a word, he and the three others who had gone in with him took their places again, and the column moved forward up the street.

The square of the lower town stood just at the base of the rising ground leading up to the citadel, and on its north side stood a row of big silk-mills, all of which had been deserted by their owners on the first alarm, and in these the Mainotes and Argives took up their quarters.

Then Petrobey sent to the Laconian corps, who had been acting as a "stop" on the east to prevent the people escaping into the country, and brought them up on the right to complete the line which they had drawn along the south front of the citadel. The Argive corps meantime had been divided into two, one half of which blockaded the picket gate on the north, while the other was drawn up on the left of the Mainotes, between them and the river. This done, the blockade of the citadel was completed. On the west it was hemmed in by its own impregnable rock, below which ran the torrent; on the south and southeast by the Greek army; on the east again by the precipitous crags, and on the north by half of the Argives.

Two courses were open—either to make a sortie as soon as the Turkish ships appeared, and regain communication with the sea, or, by engaging and defeating the Greeks, establish connection with Tripoli; or to support the siege until help came. In the utter confusion and panic caused by the sudden appearance of the Greeks the inhabitants had simply fled into the citadel—which was crammed with a crowd of unarmed civilians—or down to the harbor. Each thought only for himself and his own personal protection. Mixed in this crowd of fugitives had been hundreds of Greek residents, some of whom, possessed merely by the wild force of panic, and without waiting to think what this army was, had rushed blindly with the others into the citadel; but the larger number had joined their countrymen—men, women, and children, all mixed—imploring protection, with horrible tales of outrage and cruelty on their lips. All those who were fit for active service and willing Petrobey enlisted, and employed them in making a more careful search through the town for any Turks who might remain in hiding. These were not to be killed or ill-treated, but merely kept as prisoners. But the wild vengeance of those who had been slaves so long burst all bounds when they saw their masters in their power, and all who were found were put to death.

The weakness of the citadel lay in the bad water-supply. There was only one well in the place, and that was not nearly sufficient for the wants of the crowds who had taken refuge within it. But about mid-day Dimitri, the Mayor of Nauplia, who was in charge of the division of the north, observed buckets being let down from the top of the citadel wall into the river, and this, he thought, must be stopped. The rocks here overhung a little, and taking with him some ten men, they dashed right under the walls up to the corner where they abutted on the river. At that moment two more buckets appeared close in front of them, and he and another, taking hold of them, quietly undid the knots which tied them to the rope. The grim humor of this amused him, and in half an hour there was a row of some twenty buckets which they had untied or cut. The besieged then attempted to get water further down, but the rocks there being not so precipitous, and sloping outwards, the buckets always stuck on some projection of rock before reaching the water.

Meantime a column of smoke rising from the harbor showed that the Messenian troops were at their work. One corps had deployed along the shore, and taken in hand the work of burning all the shipping, while the other was employed in making prisoners of the Turks who ran down from the town hoping to escape by sea. A few of these, striking eastward across the plain, tried to escape by land, and were shot; but the majority, finding themselves between two divisions of the army, cut off from the citadel by Petrobey's division, and from the sea by the Messenians, and also being unarmed, surrendered to Niketas, who, knowing no Turkish, but being proud of his English, merely said "All-a-right" to their entreaties and prayers, and had them incontinently stowed away in batches in the harbor buildings. The Arcadians meantime had ranged themselves along the breakwater, where they kept watch for the Turkish ships, and, having nothing else to do, sang songs and smoked all the morning.

About two in the afternoon the captain of the troops within the citadel, one Ali Aga, was informed that two Turkish ships had been seen in the offing, sailing towards Kalamata. A strong south wind was blowing, and they would be in in a couple of hours. He had seen that the shipping in the harbor was destroyed, the ammunition within the walls was very scanty, and realizing the inefficiency of the water-supply, which would be exhausted before help could come from Tripoli, unless news had already got there of the siege and a relief expedition was now on its way, he saw that the only chance of safety, except in capitulation, lay in being able to concert action with the ships, and to attack the Greeks from both sides, the citadel and the sea. So, though a vigorous sortie on the Greeks might still perhaps have saved the citadel, or, at any rate, enabled him to send men to Tripoli, he determined to wait until the ships came up and engaged the detachment of Greeks on the shore.

Half an hour later the two ships, which were crowding on all sail, came close enough to be distinguished by the Arcadian contingent on the breakwater. The breakwater was still only half completed, and masses of rough masonry lay about on the seaward end. Niketas rubbed his hands gleefully as he set about his arrangements for giving them a great reception, and explained many times, "This is very all-a-right." Then relapsing into Greek, he gave his orders, chuckling.

"The Turk made the breakwater," he said, "but it was God who planned it. Hide yourselves ever so thickly among those stones, like anchovies in a barrel, and when the ship turns into the harbor we will all talk to it together. The water is very deep here; they will sail close to where we are, and they will see none of us till they turn the corner, for the breakwater which God planned hides us from the sea."

He called up one division of Messenians to join the Arcadian corps, leaving the other to guard the beach, and the sixteen hundred men ranged themselves among the blocks of masonry along the inside of the breakwater, so that until the ships turned the corner not one could be seen, but once round they would be exposed to a broadside of muskets at close range. Niketas himself—for the foremost ship was now not more than a few hundred yards out—crawled with infinite precautions to the end of the breakwater, and smilingly watched its unsuspicious approach. It carried, he saw, several guns, but that was a small matter.

Just opposite the end of the breakwater her helm was put hard-a-port, and she slowly swung round, crumpling beneath her bow the smooth water, and came straight alongside the wall at the distance of not more than fifty yards. Niketas had told the men to fire exactly when the ship came opposite them. She would pass slowly down the line, and would be raked fore and aft again and again as she went along. Thus the first division were to fire as soon as she showed her whole length opposite them, then the second, and so on. After they had all fired in this order, they might fire as they pleased; only let their first discharge be careful and regular.

The decks and rigging were crowded with the sailors, who were standing ready to furl the sails and cast anchor on the word of command. On the bridge stood the captain with two other officers, and marshalled in rows on the after deck about two hundred soldiers carrying arms. Simultaneously through the ambushed Greeks the same thought ran, "The soldiers first," and as the great ship glided steadily past the end of the breakwater the fire of a hundred men broke out, and they went down like ninepins. The ship moved on, and before the smoke had cleared away a second volley swept the decks. The captain fell, and two officers with him, and a panic seized the crew; they ran hither and thither, some seeking refuge below, others jumping overboard; some standing where they were, wide-eyed and terror-stricken. A few soldiers only retained their presence of mind, and with perfect calmness, as if they were practising at some sham-fight, brought a gun into position and proceeded to load it. But again and again they were mowed down by the deadly short-range fire of the Greeks, while others took up the ramrods and charge from their clinched hands, only to deliver them up from their death-grip to others. But still the stately ship went on, as if too mighty to regard these puny efforts of men. The well-directed and low fire of the Greeks had left the sails untouched, and the wind still blew steadily. But in a few moments more there was none left to take the helm, and swinging round to the wind, she changed her course, and went straight for the low sandy beach on the other side of the harbor. There, fifty yards off the shore, she grounded heavily, with a slight dip to starboard, striking a sand bank on the weather-side, and there all the afternoon she stood, white and stately, with sails bulging with the wind, but moving not, like some painted or phantom ship which no winds can move or waft on its way.

Not till then did Niketas, nor, indeed, any of his ambushed party, give a thought to the other ship, but when the first turned in the wind and sailed ashore, he looked round the corner for the other. It was still some quarter of a mile away, but there seemed to be some commotion on deck, and he was uncertain for a moment whether they were preparing to bring their big gun into play. But he was not long in doubt, for in a couple of minutes more the ship swung round and beat out to sea again. This disgraceful piece of cowardice raised a howl, partly of derision, partly of rage at being balked of their prey, from the Greeks, and a few discharged their muskets at it, until Niketas stopped them, telling them not to waste good powder on runaway dogs.

On the first ship the body of soldiers had literally been destroyed, and out of the two hundred not more than thirty remained. But these, with a courageous despair, after the first few minutes of wild confusion were over, had sheltered themselves at different points between the bulwarks and furniture of the ship, and were returning the fire coolly, while others began preparing the big gun for action. But the latter were an easy mark for the Greeks, for they were unprotected, and after five or six more men had been shot down they abandoned the attempt and confined themselves to their muskets. They were, however, fighting with cruel odds against them, for the men on whom they were firing were sheltered by blocks of masonry on the pier, and hardly more could be seen than a bristling row of gun-barrels. Hardly any of those who had flung themselves into the sea lived to reach the shore, for they also were shot down as they swam, and all over the bay were splashes of blood, and clothes which they had flung off into the water. One man succeeded in reaching the shore, but as he stood there, wringing the water out of his clothes in order to enable him to run, he was shot dead, and fell back into the water again.

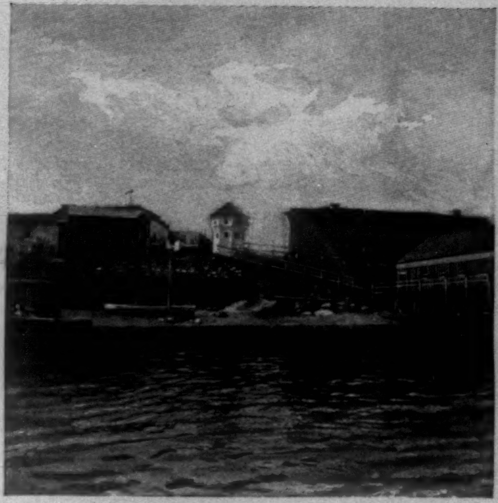
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CANADA'S NORWAY.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.

BRITISH COLUMBIA, the most westerly province of Canada, is the Norway of the New World, the physical counterpart of Scandinavia in every way, but with all its features exaggerated to the grandiose Occidental scale—the new Norway far out-fiording and out-foresting and in all natural features outdoing its European prototype. The great mountain system of the continent there draws its ranges together, masses them in splendid uplifts, rising sheer from the sea on one side and as boldly from the plains on the other. Peaks and spurs have breasted the sea and stand half submerged in still deep waters, and arms of the ocean reach far inland, filling the deep trenches cut by primeval glaciers, remnants of which are still at work around every fiord and higher ravine, still hewing their way and sculpturing the mountain masses. Rivers wind their way between these mountain ranges and break away to the sea through gorges and canyons unknown in Norway, and lakes lying high on mountain shoulders or winding at their base introduce other beauties of softer mien. The Columbian coast has been described as "the sea of mountains" and "the sea of islands," and behind the little continent of Vancouver Island lies the Gulf of Georgia, an inland sea greater in extent, grander and more varied in its natural features, than the enchanted stretches, where man has done so much as well, which give scenic fame to central Japan. The island belt fringing this coast and sheltering a continuous system of waterways, an inside passage running the whole length of the Northwest coast, is broader and more extended than the skjergaard that defends the Norwegian sea-front.

The outlying Queen Charlotte Islands, with their magnificent scenery, their cod and halibut fisheries, correspond to the Lofoten Islands, and the Japan Stream of the Pacific bathes their shores as the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic falls full upon the Lofotens. The same paradoxes in climate are produced by this warm ocean current, also, and the whole Columbian coast enjoys the mild, even temperature belonging to far lower latitudes. It is the Ireland, the Cornwall, the Devonshire, of Canada, and the soft Chinook winds blowing from the warm sea mists modify the winters of the far interior. This greenhouse atmosphere and the heavy precipitation give the greatest beauties to the region, crowning the mountains with eternal snows, which build in time the glittering jewels of glaciers that deck the ranges, and forcing a vegetation as dense and rank as that of the tropics. The unbroken forests, covering every foot of earth, from water's edge to snow-line, with their mammoth cedars, their giant ferns, and tangle of undergrowth, have been aptly called the forests of the carboniferous era, and the smooth grassy islands and shores of Norway offer no counterpart to this feature. The new country lacks, however, the beautifully cultivated valleys and hill-sides, the hay-fields, the steep velvety pastures, of Norway; the towns and villages niched in every fold of ocean's front; the admirable system of post-roads, linking every fiord with the far interior, and furnishing a unique and delightful means of travel.



BLOCK-HOUSE AT NANAIMO, B. C.

The ranchman has lately succeeded the placer-miner in the few southern valleys, but he has demonstrated that the province will become a great fruit country. The quartz-mill thunders in the caribou country, and the independent miner with his pick and pan is encountered in many a fiord, and rakes his sluices in the farthest recesses of the coast. The ten-year-old railway has only traced one great route across the province, although from the two great passes in the Rocky Mountain range thirteen routes were surveyed to tide-water, and a more northern terminus is still insisted upon as a military necessity. The two great rivers of the coast—the Fraser and the Skeena—are only navigable for a short way above their mouths; but the great loop of the Columbia, through and around the Gold and Selkirk ranges, gives means for considerable navigation in the very heart of the mountain province.

Geographically this Occidental or Columbian Norway extends from the Rocky Mountains to the sea, and from the forty-ninth to the sixtieth parallel of north latitude, and by natural boundaries on the ocean-front from the Strait of Juan de Fuca to Dixon Entrance, the latter at the famous line of 54° 40′, which our fathers failed to secure as the northern boundary of the United States. Its superficial area amounts to some 300,000 square miles, twice as great as that of the State of California, and its coast-line exceeds 7181 statute miles, because of the winding shores of all the fiords and of the eleven hundred islands within the limit of this 560-miles ocean-front. With not a thousandth part of its resources developed, its fisheries only in their infancy, the mines, forests, and soil only scratched in places, its population of 120,000 confined to the coast and one river valley, the revenue returns rank British Columbia as third among the provinces of the Dominion.

British Columbia is emphatically the province of the future, the country of destiny, and the most valuable possession of the British crown on this continent. Its political value is even greater than its economical value. As a strategic point it is the key to the Pacific, England's highway to India and Australia, a perpetual check and menace to the western seaboard of the United States, an assurance of Great Britain's commercial dominion in the Pacific, and the guarantee that Britannia will continue to rule afloat. If the Pacific is rightly called the ocean of the future, and is to be the theatre of man's greatest achievements in the coming centuries, as the Atlantic is now and the Mediterranean has been, British Columbia will contribute a considerable share of those achievements. While the Pacific coast of the United States presents a bleak, inhospitable front, with only one opening worthy the name of harbor for the last thousand miles of its length, the British Columbia coast is all harbors, a net-work and labyrinth of safe waters for refuge, commerce, or defence. The coal-mines of Vancouver Island, the best and almost only steaming-coal on the coast, furnish Great Britain with the greatest sinew of war, the most necessary element of naval supremacy and success. The province in this respect alone is the most desirable bit of the Pacific coast, and only the most short-sighted policy prevailed when President Polk weakly retreated from his pledge to insist upon having the line of 54° 40′ respected as the northern boundary of the Oregon Territory, and thereby allowed Great Britain foothold and frontage on the Pacific.

The earliest days of the region are inwrought with all the romance of Middle-Age navigation and discovery, when explorers dreamed and sought for the mythical Strait of Anian, for Del Fonte's river, which by a chain of lakes was supposed to lead out into the Atlantic. Romancers peopled it with giants and dwarfs, and Gulliver was supposed to have travelled there. Captain Cook, who followed the first Spanish navigator, named it New Albion, but the general name of the Northwest Coast applied to all the country between the old Spanish and Russian possessions until very recent times. The fur-traders, who made Nootka headquarters, and finally disputed its possession with the Spanish authorities, brought the region into diplomatic consideration, and Nootka was best known of all places in western America a century ago—now but a remote little trading-station on the west coast of Vancouver Island, where pelagic sealers recruit their crews from among the least civilized of native tribes. Cook's pupil and successor, George Vancouver, explored and accurately surveyed the whole Northwest coast just one hundred years ago, mapping the fabled Strait of Juan de Fuca, and forever ending the belief in any practical northwest passage from Atlantic to Pacific. His names of New Georgia, New Hanover, and New Cornwall for different parts of the Columbian coast are all forgotten. In 1793, just as the surveying ships passed by, Alexander Mackenzie made the first crossing of the continent, traversing the northern end of the province, and reaching tide-water at Dean Canal, where the natives told him that "Macubah's" (Vancouver's) men had just left their village. In 1808 Simon Fraser descended the river bearing his name, but exploration went little further for a quarter-century. In 1833 the Hudson Bay Company established their Fort Victoria at the lower end of Vancouver Island, and the whole country was considered so useless, save as a fur-preserve, that the British admiral and the prime minister's brother, sent to report upon it at the time the Oregon question was raised, declared it valueless and not worth fighting for.

The settlement of this Oregon question by the treaty of 1846 left bitterness in both British and American hearts, and the astronomical boundary of the forty-ninth parallel was no more pleasing to the British, who had contended for the Columbia River as the right and natural boundary, than to the Americans, who had declared for "All of Oregon or none"—for "Fifty-four Forty or Fight."

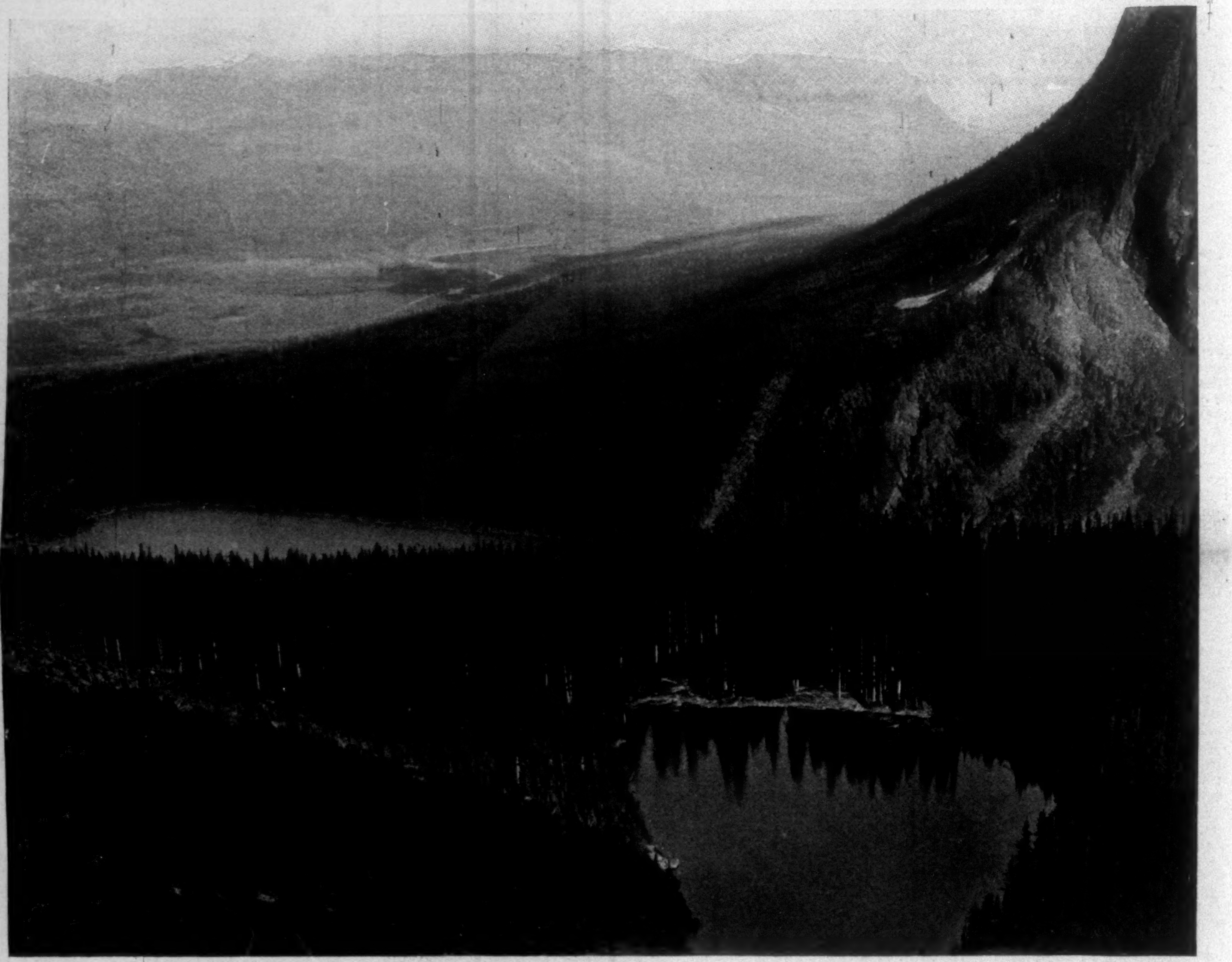
The present Victoria is not so markedly British and insular, so individual, as it was before the completion of the railroad, and that great business boom of the whole Pacific coast at the same time, roused it from its calm and infused an electric sparkle into its soothing sunshine. It has its large hotels, clubs, business blocks, electric roads, and all the accessories of a lively Western city; but there is a British order and decorum about and in it all that, with the judges in their wigs and gowns, the presence of soldiers in all the street crowds, very soon tell one that the great eagle does not brood above it. The Lieutenant-Governor holds court but a little less stately than that at Ottawa, and Government House lists for levees and balls decide all social rank. The presence of the naval establishment and the barracks at Esquimault gives the real tone of English novels to Victoria society and an extra-official flavor.

During the summer tourist's season radiant and perfectly tempered days succeed one another for months, the breath of the mountains, the pine forests, and the cool mists of the sea combining with a matchless ozone that is both tonic and solace. Even a Californian can wonder at the luxuriant growths and the glory of a Victorian June, that riot of roses that made Étienne Marchand a century ago compare the rose-covered wastes to the slopes of Bulgaria; the giant honeysuckle, the wonderful fuchsias, and the blooming broom-trees that rise in clouds of solid gold cannot be forgotten. The deep blue camass flowers dye the ground in patches, and the wild flowers are legion. Tangles of azalea decorate the forest edges; the low salal-bushes make carpets of beauty. Fern fronds, uncurling from their furry balls, reach upward until in midsummer they tower above one's head, and fronds seven and nine feet in length may be gathered by the road-side. All the island, too, is a great game-preserve. There is duck-

BIG TREES IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B. C.

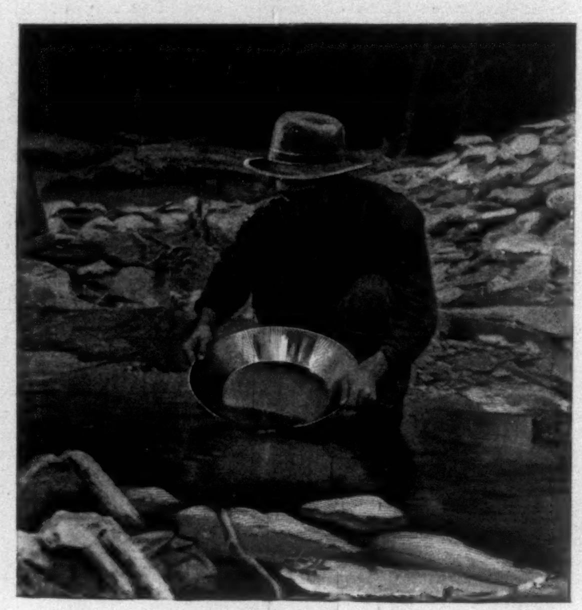
LAKE LOUISE.

MOUNT BAKER AS SEEN FROM VANCOUVER.



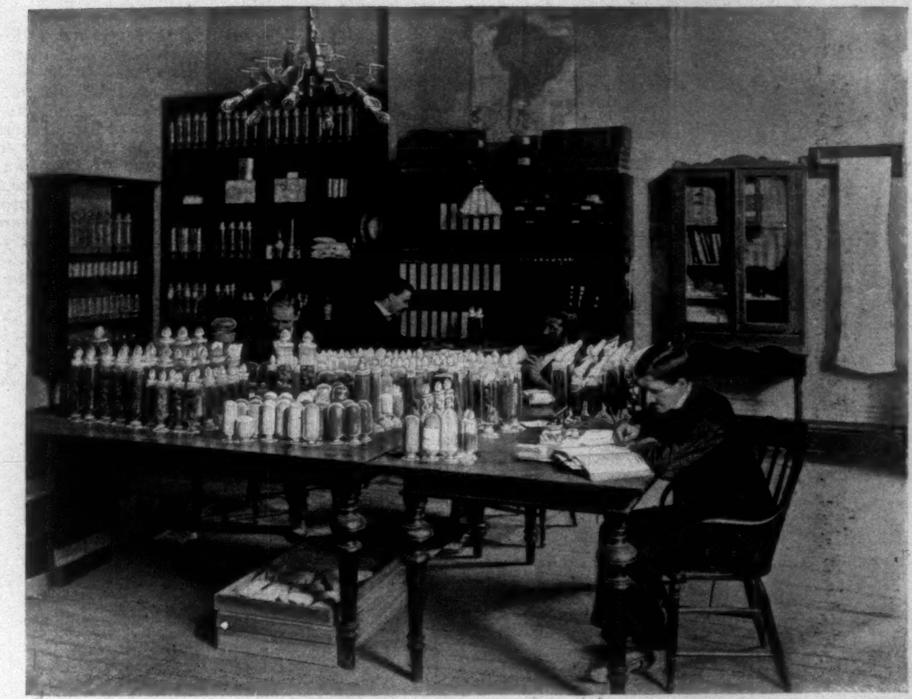
LAKE LOUISE AND MIRROR LAKE.

IN GARDNER'S INLET.

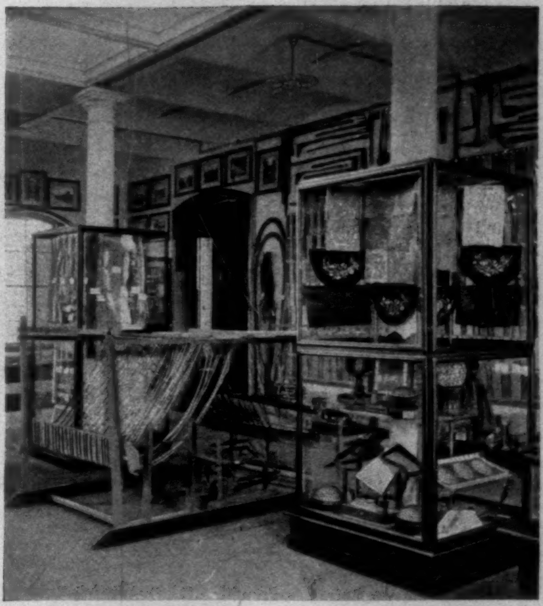


A GOLD-MINER "PANNING OUT."

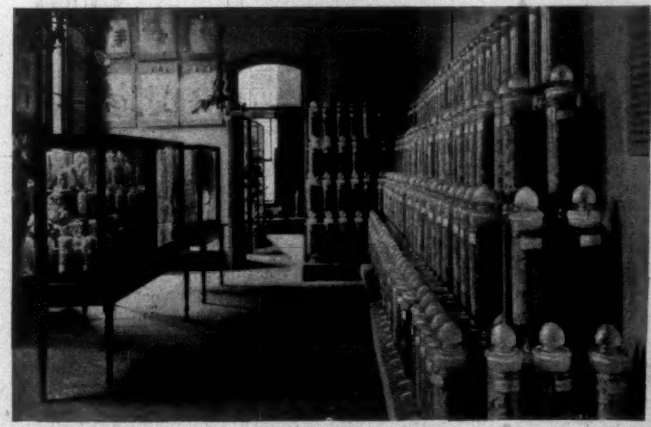
"CANADA'S NORWAY"—BRITISH COLUMBIA: A PROVINCE OF POSSIBILITIES.—[SEE PAGE 1007.]



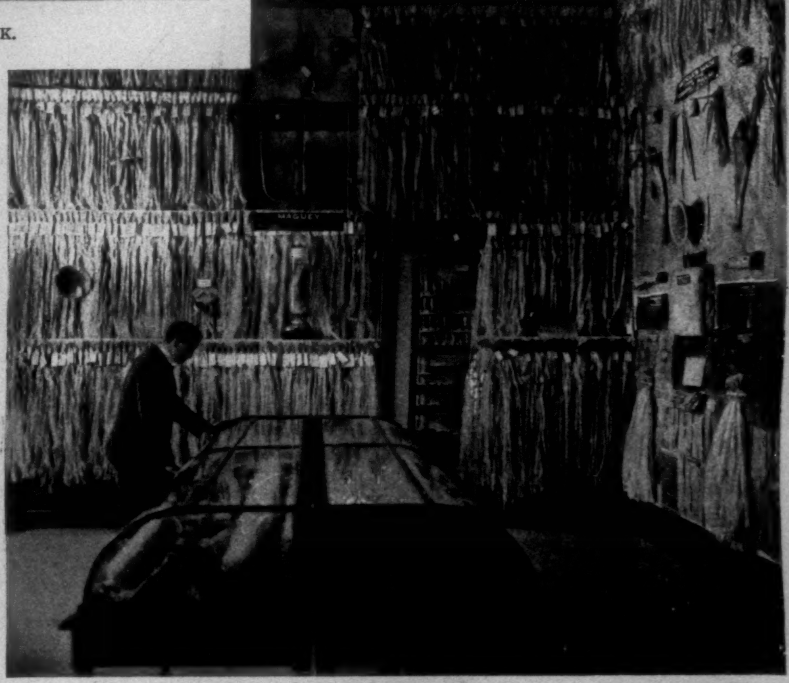
IN ONE OF THE LABORATORIES—BOTANISTS AT WORK.



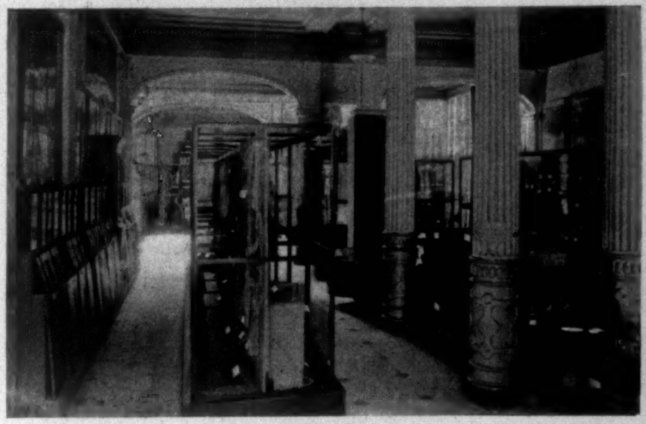
LOOMS FROM JOHORE, AND PART OF JAPANESE EXHIBIT.



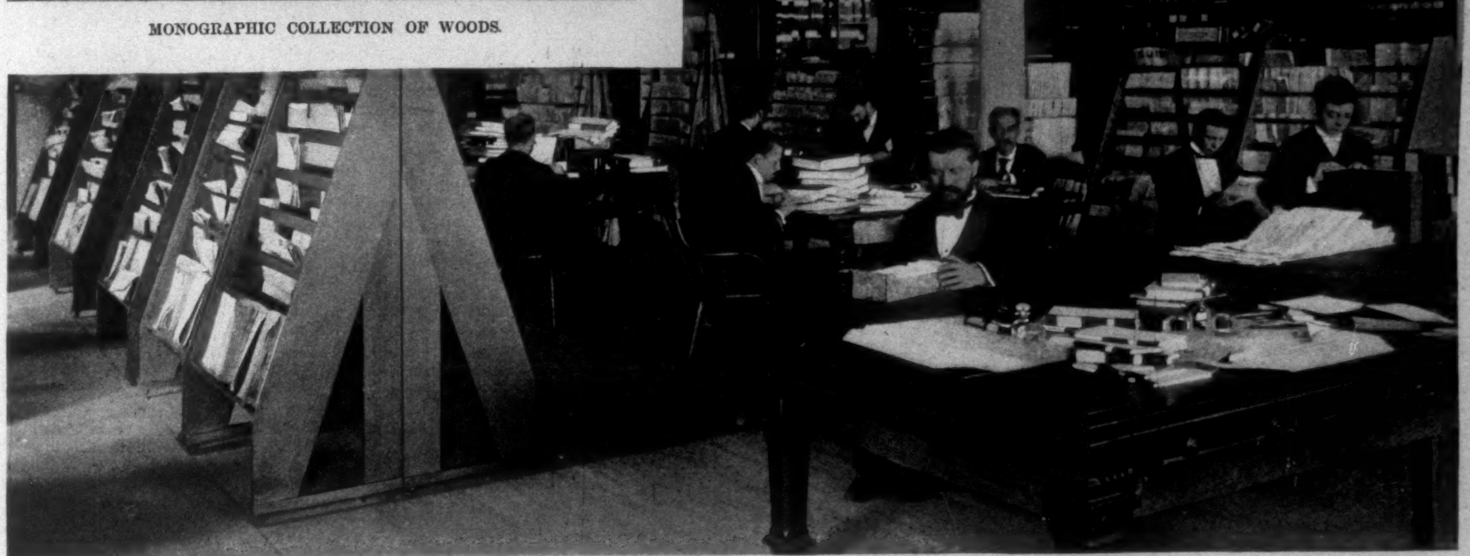
SILK AND GOVERNMENT STANDARD WOOL EXHIBIT.



MEXICAN FIBRES AND WOOLS.

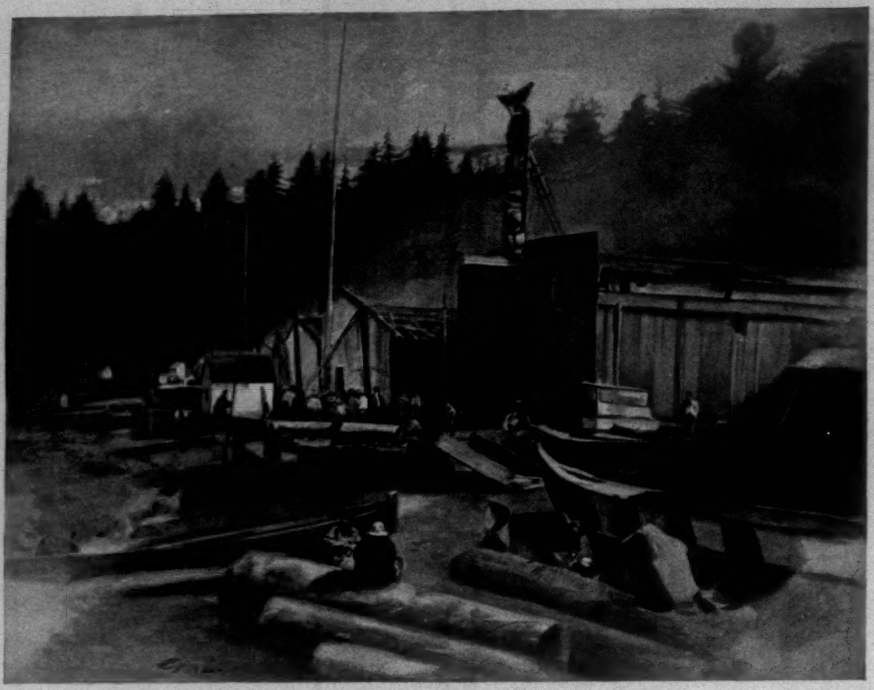


MONOGRAPHIC COLLECTION OF WOODS.



THE LIBRARY, AND BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

PHILADELPHIA'S GREAT COMMERCIAL MUSEUM.—From Photographs by James Henry Harper.—[See Page 1011.]



CHIEF'S HOUSE AND TOTEM-POLE, ALERT BAY, B. C.

shooting in the autumn on some suburban lots, and the 1st of September, St. Grouse's day, is duly observed by every citizen. There are angling all along shore, hunting in the very sight of the Castle, and back in the wilderness are snug shooting-boxes—tiny English inns by wildwood lakes—where sportsmen enjoy forest life with the solid comforts—civilization in the veriest backwoods.

The Island Railway, running seventy miles northward from Victoria to Nanaimo, cuts through the heart of the primeval forest, and shows one the untamed wilderness. This colliery town fronts on a picturesque bay, and the mines are everywhere, beneath the town, beneath the harbor, at the edge of the forest, and a half-million tons are shipped yearly from the harbor. The bed of bituminous coal along the eastern edge of the island is estimated as one hundred and thirty miles in length.

The community deserves praise for preserving the sixty-year-old block-house which was part of the Hudson Bay Company's fort, the bullet and arrow marks of its many sieges and attacks eloquent of the very near and dangerously picturesque past, as it suns itself on a bank sloping to the bay.

Forty miles across the gulf the city of Vancouver is hidden within a fiord, and at the mouth of the Fraser, New Westminster makes a fine show of commercial activity. Vancouver is a new and ready-made town, and presents a strange mixture of English order and decorum and American bustle and energy. Built beside the still waters of the first real fiord of the mainland coast, the long conventional city-front faces an abrupt mountain wall, which, save for the white line of the Indian mission village at the base, is as much a wilderness as when Vancouver and his lieutenants rowed up the fiord. Across the Fraser flats to southward shines the white wonder of Mount Baker, on American territory, the snowiest peak of the Cascade Range, the Indians' Puksan or Kulshan, the mountain of fire.

The pride of Vancouver is its Stanley Park, a tract of the richest primeval forest lying between the fiord and the Gulf of Georgia, which was set aside for a park with the original plotting of the town site. The hand of the improver or of vandal park commissioners has never fallen in that enchanted forest. Roadways have been cut and tunnelled through the dense greenwood, and the rest left as Nature made it—the hoary firs, cedars, and spruces intact, the rock-ribbed hemlocks ragged and unkempt, the fern world untouched, the festooning mosses as they grew, and all the tangle of vegetation showing how a Northwest Coast forest approaches the luxuriance of the tropics.

The Fraser canyons lead through ridges and ranges to the Alpine region, where the heart of the Cordilleran Range shows landscapes, peaks, glaciers, chasms, and valleys that interior Norway cannot suggest. The Fraser's mad rush through its long gorge is surrounded by the rich forest decoration of the coast, but the Thompson's Canyon walls glow and blaze with a wealth of color that belongs to sunlands further south, the painted and pictured walls of the Colorado and the Yellowstone appearing for the last time and marking their northern limit on this continent.

The Selkirk Range is draped with a rich glacial mantle, and a little Switzerland, with its enthusiastic army of climbers and its library of descriptive literature, is already established here. The great climbers of Alpine clubs have tried their crampons on Selkirk ice sheets. Every year sees a book from such tourist explorers of the highlands, and yet only a small part of the range has been made known. The Jostedalbrae, the Svartisen, and Buerbrae glaciers shrink beside these mighty ones that feed the Columbia, and the Romsdal, hard by, compares with the canyon of the Illecillewaet, or the valley of the Bow—just over the range, but physically a part of the mountain province. There the grandest of mountain scenery encompasses one, the giants of the Rockies almost overhang one; and in this world built on such a colossal scale peaks show that they have so lately been upheaved from below and carved out with glacial tools that one imagines one even sees and hears those awful processes continuing.

High, high above the green Bow Valley, with its wondrously colored river, are the three pearls of the region—three lakes named, one for the Marchioness of Lorne, another for Lady McDonald, and a third for itself, the Mirror of all the summit peaks' beauty. The intense color, the magic clearness of the water in these glacial bowls, the picturesqueness of their forest-wrapped and flower-wreathed shores, and the awful precipices and glacial slopes defy reproduction. The views off to the valley are superb, and the Trolltindre and the Romsdal Horn are little models of some of the splendid palisades and peaks that wall the valley from Laggan upward to Sir Donald, corner-stone and monarch of the province.

From Burrard Inlet to Portland Canal the coast is indented with a score of great fiords, where Norway comes more sharply to mind. Every one of them was explored and named by Vancouver a century ago, and their prolongations in interior valleys were followed by miners and railway-surveyors. Bute Inlet, the most noted fiord of the lower coast, was the strong rival of Burrard Inlet with the engineers, but the government gift of the half-completed road along Fraser River determined in favor of the mainland terminus. Lord Dufferin and the Marquis of Lorne were among the first to celebrate the praises of this fiord, the Hardanger of the coast, and their enthusiastic descriptions give the best idea of its splendid precipices, its forested slopes, the ribbons and mists of waterfalls that drop from the snow banks to the sea, and the glitter of glacial ice on the higher slopes and gorges.

All the inlets facing the Vancouver shore hold much of landscape magnificence, snow peaks, glaciers, forests, waterfalls, and bare precipices, in different combinations, ringing all the possible changes in scenery of the Scandinavian order. The *Coast Pilot of British Columbia*, accurate, minute, and reliable as it is, is soulless enough to characterize all these profound chasms, these splendid canyons of the sea, as "useless" because too deep for anchorage, and describes others as "encumbered with islands," when Nature has most nearly outdone herself, and flung her rocks and floating forest gardens where they would combine to most of landscape charm. All of them are untenanted, unvisited, save by the occasional prospector, timber-cruiser, or the canoe-loads of natives, who find happily undisturbed hunting-grounds along such shores, and "the gleam of waters in a narrow pass" lies unbroken, the splash of the salmon and the cry of the eagle the only sounds of life.

The first of the great tidal rapids or reversible cataracts of the coast is met in Sechelt Arm, at the entrance of Jervis Inlet. The tides, having a rise and fall of twenty feet, are compressed in a narrow rocky gateway as they fill and empty the long trough, and four times a day there is a tumult of waters whose roar can be heard for miles. The natives have their legend of the evil water-spirits in the underworld, and never venture within their reach save in the short half-hour of comparatively slack water. There is a tidy Indian village with a large church at the entrance of the arm, and the Catholic fathers have converted these people into the most admirable and industrious of Salish people. The first representation of a rude passion-play was given at this mission a few years ago, and converts came hundreds of miles to witness the scenes in the life of Christ. Each year the service is held at a different mission, but when given at Vancouver and at the old mission on Fraser River, the concourse of curious whites detracted from the solemnity and simple pathos of the scenes at Sechelt.

Seymour Narrows, between Valdes and Vancouver Island, hold the best-known tidal rapids of the coast, but as steamers pass through at slack-water only, the passengers never see the full fury of waters when the gorge boils from side to side, waves leap, and water rushes over in smooth curves as on the lip of a fall, and great eddies make sink-holes where kelp stems whirl and snap madly. Half the tidal waters of the Gulf of Georgia and all its inlets races through that narrow pass, which is beset with rocks that have given the death-blow to many vessels that ventured in at the wrong time of the tide. There is only a half-hour of slack-water at a time, when it is safe for steamers to attempt the pass, and a few minutes too soon or too late causes the largest vessel to shiver and reel, while no engines can stem the current. The Indians know the place as Yaculta, and believe in the water-demons that reach up from below and snatch canoes, that toss whales about in sport, and make this Via Mala of the sea the scene of many tragic happenings.

The greatest reversible cataract of this or any coast is that at the mouth of Belize Inlet, opening from Queen Charlotte Sound. The zigzag course of this long glacial cutting promises a war of waters if the way is not deep and wide, and at the Nakwakto rapids the fiord narrows to a few hundred yards and the waters race at fifteen and twenty knots an hour. The waves comb high on the face of a turreted island in mid-rapids, and except for the so-called slack-water, enduring for ten or fifteen minutes, no canoe dares venture in, and all white men have given wide berth to that roaring canyon where the waters are always in fury. The famous Salstrom and the trifling Maelstrom of the Norwegian coast, the one extolled in guide-books, the other magnified in legends, are insignificant beside either Sechelt, Yaculta, or Nakwakto rapids. One may be confident that the next century will bring a tourist hotel, an overlooking bridge or platform, the guides, sign-boards, and turnstiles that go with Nature's greatest, to the banks of the Nakwakto.

Little known as the lower fiords are, those above Queen Charlotte Sound are still more remote from travellers' enjoyment. The main route of commerce, the inside passage between the islands, traversed by Canadian and Alaskan steamers, presents such an unbroken panorama of landscape magnificence that one might wonder what grander scenery the far-reaching fiords could hold. The island belt is close and unbroken, with no such rolling gaps of ocean as break the Scandinavian skjergaard. Large ocean steamers are dwarfed to canoes by their surroundings, and, toylike, pursue their way down lanes of smooth green glass for days and days. The bare mountain walls rise sheer two thousand feet from the water's

GOLD-WASHING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

edge, and wherever any slope or ledge or crevice permits a root to reach and hold, Nature weaves her fine green traceries and raises up a forest. Ribbons of cascades open from the snow-banks, and fill these canyons with the soft roar, the undertone water melody; glaciers glimmer on all the heights, and amphitheatre and alcove walls tell where some highland lake is hidden in their rocky basin. There is no Torghaetten or tunnelled mountain, but the Horseman's Hat of the Norwegian coast is paralleled in the China Hat that floats gigantic in Finlayson Channel, as if a giant coolie had waded to his neck up that landscape reach. The maze of passageways shown on the charts is more labyrinthine and puzzling still when entered in reality, and piloting is a matter of divination, done by second-sight apparently. A British gunboat was once lost for two weeks in this maze, pursuing one blind channel and then another.

Vancouver found the Geiranger fiord of the coast in the little Cascade Inlet opening from Dean Canal, and even that serious surveyor had much to say of the waterfalls that bounded from the heights and filled the air with their music. He wrote that the cascades "were extremely grand, and by much the largest and most tremendous we had ever beheld, their impetuosity sending currents of air across the Canal." All this in a little fiord not eleven miles long and barely three-quarters of a mile wide!

Graham and Fraser Reach and Grenville Channel are scenic boasts of the north coast, and Grenville has few rivals or parallels—a grand canyon forty-five miles in length and never a mile in width, a double panorama of mountain-walls in every possible arrangement that could charm the eye and stir the soul. Gardner's Inlet—or Kitlup's Canyon, as it should be called—was accurately described by Vancouver's surveyors a century ago, but they voiced nothing of the enthusiastic praise which modern tourists lavish to-day. In many places natural towers guard the turns of the waterway—some standing out as boldly as the Yosemite's El Capitan. One such, the native's Old Man, lifts its bald front two thousand feet straight as a mason's wall, and while the ship hugged the base, a plummet was dropped two thousand feet without finding bottom. A splendid waterfall foams for two thousand feet down almost as sheer a cliff, and the whole fifty miles of Gardner's Inlet are given up to masterpieces in the decorative art of fiords.

The salmon was pioneer and led the way into all such remote fiords, and the cannery is the reason for the summer tourists' enjoyment. At the end of every such fiord, and along the Skeena and Nass rivers, busy hands may be watched preparing the noblest fish that swims for his journey to the end of the earth in hermetically sealed tins. The fisheries of the province are under government control, and are regarded as a regular source of income, a permanent industry, though free and unrestricted fishing just over the line in Alaska has caused many of its canneries to close. Two-thirds of the salmon shipped from British Columbia come from the northern canneries, those above Queen Charlotte Sound, and the annual pack is close upon 400,000 cases. The Japanese who work in the Skeena River canneries have a little winter village of their own, and with their own industries have created there an exact bit of real Japan.

The native people of this coast have long been the puzzle and delight of ethnologists. Their origin is still unsettled, and their resemblance to Japanese, Maori, and Aztec causes that many separate contentions. They are superior to other canoe Indians of the world, more advanced than the plains Indians, and their totemic organization and customs afford the finest opportunity for the study of that curious social organization of so many primitive people. From the first totem-pole on the coast, that at Alert Bay opposite the north end of Vancouver Island, to the Chilkat's country in Alaska, all the original Indian villages have these heraldic insignia displayed. The totem-pole is a genealogical record, a heraldic monument, whose carvings of conventionalized animals record the descent and alliances of the members of the great coast clans, each of which has some beast for its crest or coat of arms. The native displays his totem-pole just as a nobleman parades his coat of arms, and the whales, eagles, and bears carved on poles, canoes, and personal belongings are quite as realistic as the lions and griffins of European heraldry.

The Haidas, inhabiting the Queen Charlotte Islands, are the fine flower of the Columbian races, and being further removed from the routes of commerce, longest preserved their villages and customs unchanged. Tottering totem-poles crowd their abandoned villages, and add a melancholy interest to the beautiful shores of the inlets and passes among the islands. The Haidas were long the vikings of the coast, and harried its shores from Chilkat to Puyallup. The early settlers were always armed and the Hudson Bay Company's forts strengthened against the forays of these northern raiders, who came in long painted canoes that held a hundred warriors, and were the terror of all people. Civilization has reduced and weakened them, and the remnant of them are docile and industrious. There are canneries and oil-works at their old villages of Massett and Skidegate; a colony of Norwegian fishermen are already established on the west coast near to the cod and halibut banks.

Fort Simpson is the most northern settlement on the Columbian coast, reaching now its third estate, after being first the scene of great native fairs from unknown times, and then the chief fort and storehouse of the Hudson Bay Company. The fort is now a general country store. The village, nearly stripped of its totem-poles, is the home of a few hundred civilized, educated people, decorous, almost conventional, in every way. The spelling-book and the ready-made clothier have reduced them to the great common level of humanity, and only by their complexions does one notice them. Picturesqueness has gone. The eulachan, or candle-fish, that silvers the sound for miles in March, is taken with seine now, no longer raked and scraped out of the water by primitive gigs and harrows. The village chiefs are now councilmen. They have their own fire-engine and Salvation Army. Every house its melodeon, clock, and fancy lamp. Marble tombstones take the place of cedar totem-poles.

Fort Simpson regards itself seriously as a future great city, the last outpost of British enterprise on the Pacific. One survey contemplated it as the terminus of a trunk-line railway. Its harbor is three hundred miles nearer Asiatic ports than Vancouver, and when once fortified it will be more a menace to our Alaska than Esquimault is to Puget Sound. It has always an open roadstead, mild winters, and its summers so warm that vegetation thrives as in the steam of the Japan Stream on the Queen Charlottes, and horticulturists and florists are amazed at the marvellous fruits and blooms along the line of fifty-four forty.

A COMMERCIAL MUSEUM.

In the Philadelphia Commercial Museum are gathered specimens of field, forest, stream, and mine in all stages of their existence, reaching at last the finished product.

This collection of the world's productive energies has its temporary quarters in the old general offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The large four-story granite building, with its two annexes, is filled with cases teeming with closely packed specimens of raw products, and articles in various stages of completion. On passing the doorway of the first floor to the right of the entrance the eye rests upon a collection of woods that in its completeness and variety surpasses anything in the world. From Australasia alone the collection far exceeds the fine display in the Kew Gardens, it being nearly the entire exhibit sent by the colonists to the World's Fair at Chicago. A striking example is a huge square shaft of red cedar from a giant of the forest which lay seasoning on the ground for fifteen years before it was fashioned into the present shape and brought to Chicago from New South Wales. The tree from which this huge log was taken was upward of fifteen feet in diameter. Here also is a fine collection of the varieties of rosewood, in all its manifold colors and brilliancy of polish, from Brazil. A little further on is a trunk of mahogany, ten feet in diameter, the finest specimen of this wood in the world, selected by the government of Guatemala to be exhibited at the World's Fair. The woods in this collection are so arranged that one may see the trunk in its native state, the cross section, and the polished surface of a vertical section.

It is a natural step from the woods to the fibres, and the mind is immediately struck with the vast extent of this exhibit. The first object to strike the eye is the century-plant, most familiar to us in its years of waiting to put forth its flowers; but here is shown what a wealth of value its leaves possess for mankind. The long line of cases shows specimens of henequin, pita, and ixtle, and many other members of this family, so valuable in the world of textiles. The importations to this country from Mexico of henequin last year amounted to 12,205 tons, which gives an idea of the value of the century-plant to commerce. Along the walls and in the cases are strung nets, hammocks, baskets, and numberless other articles revealing the variety of the uses made of this plant. The rattan, bamboo, and the palm-tree of the East and tropics are displayed, and the many valuable applications of barks from Russia and Patagonia. A case showing a North Carolina pine-tree in all stages of its contributions to the comfort of mankind,—the rough tree, the bark, the pine needles, the cones, the pitch and turpentine, the timber, and also an interesting display of the uses made of the fibre from the needles for mattresses, surgical dressing, twines, and cloths,—is a revelation of the wonderful resources of this old familiar friend. Specimens of hemp and flax from all parts of the world, are so placed as to show the condition from the growing grass, through the various stages of development, until the thread and rope and woven cloth are reached.

On the same floor with the woods and fibres are the halls devoted to the dyes and tannings, all carefully classified. Further on, one room has a collection of gums and resins used in the arts, many from plants we know little about, as well as gutta-percha, India-rubber, and chicle. At the end of this hall is the mineral collection and the nucleus of an assortment of marbles for architectural purposes.

The collections are divided into two great classifications, the monographic and the geographic. The monographic, on the first floor, and extending to other parts of the building, gathers the articles of a class from all countries, and brings them together for inspection and comparison. The geographic, on the second and third stories, arranges the products of each country in separate rooms, or a series of rooms, according to the extent of the collection.

A typical display is that from our neighboring republic of Mexico, which is the first to greet the eye upon reaching the second floor. Around the walls of two large rooms and of the halls adjoining are specimens of woods from nearly every state of this republic. These are labelled so that the cabinet-maker who finds some new grain or color which pleases him can communicate with the proper persons and learn if it can be economically procured. Adjoining rooms are filled with specimens of gums, and resins, medicinal plants, spices, coffee, and cacao seeds. In the centre of another room are two cases, one with specimens of rubber and the plants from which it is obtained, and the other with the gum which has sprung up recently into prominent notice, the chicle, whose principal use is in the manufacture of chewing-gum. It seems hardly credible, but the importations of chicle in the fiscal year 1896 amounted to 3,618,483 tons. The next room has its walls and the cases in the centre stored with vegetable fibres, such as cotton, henequin, ixtle, banana, cocoa-nut-palm, and many others with native names. Saddle-cloths, beautiful baskets, sandals for the poorer classes, mattings, nets, and other articles are distributed around, and indicate the uses the natives make of these plants. A carefully selected collection of the rich mineral wealth, from coal and iron to silver and gold, appears in the next room, and closely following are the agricultural products, sugar, tobacco, vegetables, hides, with one case devoted to wines and liquors of the country, including a dozen or so produced from the century-plant, from which the Mexicans brew their beer or pulque and distil the fiery mescal, which is almost pure alcohol. All around the walls of these half a dozen rooms are charts giving the latest statistics of the commerce and productions of Mexico.

Similar arrangements, in different degrees of completeness, are made of the collections from Brazil, Guatemala, Costa Rica, and, in fact, from nearly all countries of Latin America, as well as Johore, Japan, Liberia, and many other countries. The collection of woods from Argentina is so complete that the Argentine government borrowed it intact to send to the Atlanta exposition.

All this exhibition of the world's production is a potent educational factor as well as a commercial treasury, for students may come here and through the eye learn in a short time more about the physical character of other lands and their products than they could ever obtain by a mere reading of text-books. In this way the museum is a coworker in the cause of education for the whole country.

Before reaching the fourth story, where the official force of the museum is gathered to impart to others the knowledge that is constantly gathered here, there can be seen a still further expansion of the monographic classification in the most complete collection of wools and hairs that exists anywhere in the world. There are two interesting arrangements—one in glass jars, of the official samples that are the tests for the assessment of duty at the custom-house; and the other, a magnificent collection, the fleeces of all the varieties of wool that are known to commerce throughout the world. In other rooms there are cereals, sugar, vegetable oils, and silks in all stages, from the cocoon to the spun thread and woven fabric.

In order that this museum shall be truly a stimulus to commerce, there have been established in its administration different bureaus, which enable the institution to give full information of the world's progress in taking advantage of the earth's products. The scientific department, with its laboratory of tests and technology, and the chemists and botanists are ready to analyze and report upon all minerals, plants, and animal and vegetable fibres. Here we have the only conditioning laboratory for wools and other fibres in the United States.

The bureau of information and the library, with the corps of compilers, indexers, translators, and type-writers, furnish the latest information of commerce and trade obtainable from the commercial reports, reports of consuls of all countries, and particularly of our own consuls (which have been especially directed by the Secretary of State to afford every possible aid to the museum), scientific works, journals in all languages, relating to trade, commerce, or manufactures, and the like, and the special reports of the museum agents in differents parts of the world, as well as specific information from merchants, manufacturers, and others in different lands, who have become personally interested in the great work of the museum.

In a large room at the southwest end of the fourth floor there is a complete card index of the latest information obtainable which may be of use to manufacturers, merchants, and others seeking such knowledge from various parts of the world. This bureau of information is so thoroughly systematized that it is very interesting to study the method employed speedily to answer inquiries. Suppose that it is desired to know something of chicle, or chewing-gum. One of the officers will go to the cabinet and pull out the drawer labelled "Gums," and by the alphabetical arrangement lay open the card "Chicle," where will be found the page in *La Revue Coloniale*, where is a full description of the manner by which it is extracted from the sappodilla tree and fruit. The library number on the card will indicate the division of the library in which this periodical may be found. Or if it is desired to know what there is in print about a country, an adjoining cabinet has all the cards that are in the subject cabinet, but instead of being arranged by the articles, in it will be found everything that relates to the country alphabetically classified according to the subjects. A force of a dozen indexers are busily employed in reading and indexing from the latest commercial periodicals and consular reports, writing the cards in a dual arrangement of subject and country, so that answers may be made as speedily as possible to inquirers for the newest information on a given subject of commerce in its broadest sense. From 600 to 1000 cards are daily added to these cabinets. There is also a special cabinet, in which specific subjects appear, such as tariff, constructions of recent public works, bridges, railroads, and many other items of general interest not included in the index of products

For the benefit of foreign correspondents who may want to know the names of manufacturers of any given article there is also a classified card index of the firms and corporations engaged in all branches of industry throughout the United States; and in order to provide similar information a carefully selected list of names in all classes of occupations in the Latin-American republics, Asia, and South Africa is similarly arranged. The number of separate firms appearing on these cards amounts to more than 15,000 in the other countries, and fully half as many in the United States. Constant additions are being made to these files as definite information is received to indicate that the parties are reputable and in business. The complete list of manufacturers in the United States contains over 50,000 names.

In the library and reading-room are found nearly a thousand special trade and scientific journals, pamphlets containing the latest statistics from all quarters of the globe, consular reports from every country publishing them, and nearly ten thousand volumes selected with a view to be of use to persons seeking information about countries, raw and manufactured products, and in general whatever relates to the progress of mankind.

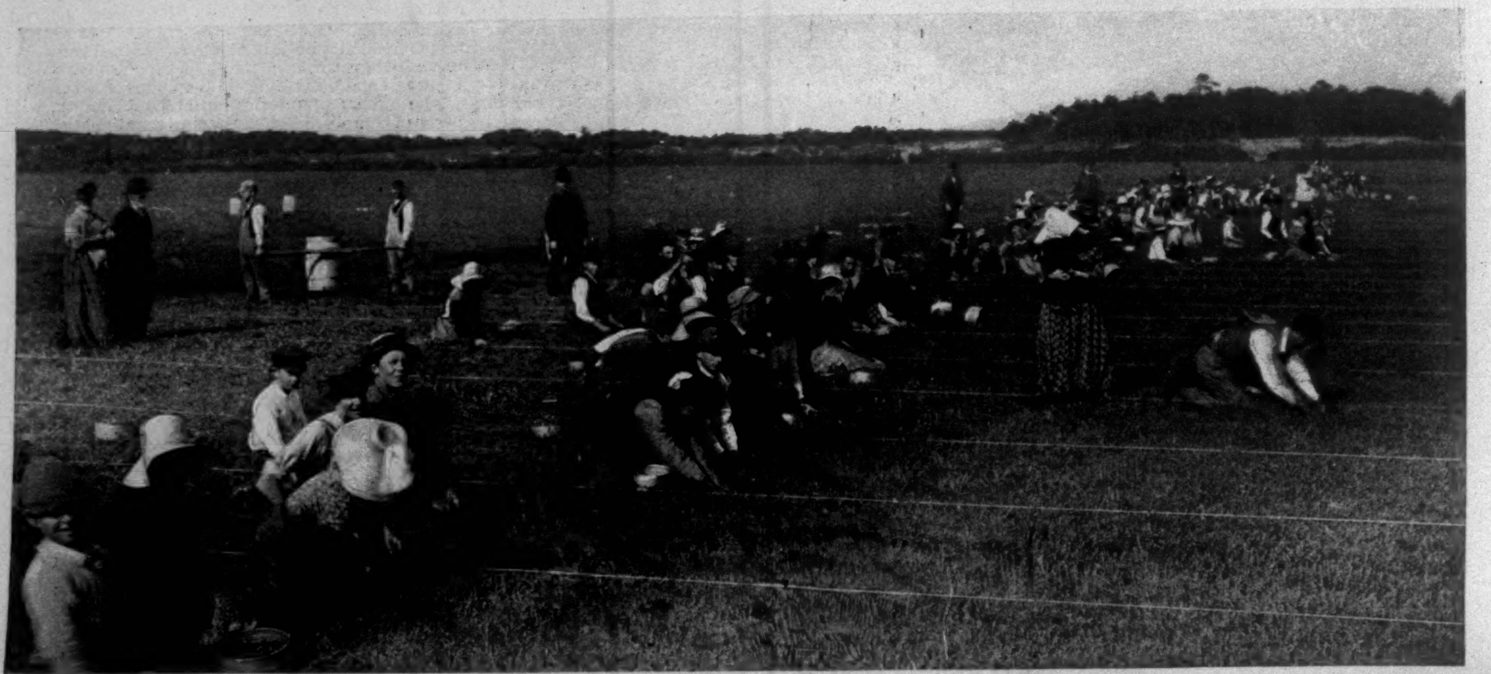
On the same floor, and as an auxiliary to the bureau of information, is a collection of manufactured products, showing what the manufacturer of Europe is sending to Central and South America, Africa, and other importing countries. The price obtained, the usual discounts, the mode of transportation, and the parties dealing in these articles are all obtainable from this bureau, so that if a manufacturer of boots should wish to know whether it would pay him to export his goods to Venezuela, for example, he is able to learn what the Europeans are sending there, what prices they obtain, what discounts they give, and by studying the rates of transportation, tariffs, and other things that enter into the cost of landing the merchandise, he could easily determine whether the market was one he might desire to enter into for his product.

In this commercial exhibit are a number of native garments made for Japanese children and women, as well as what they have copied from the Europeans, with their own modifications. In one case are specimens of the new artificial silk made from pulp, and which it is supposed will be an important factor in textile fabrics before many years have passed. Indeed, all through this set of rooms may be found hats, shoes, hardware, and a thousand novelties for which there seems to be a demand in these countries at the present time, as they are actually samples of articles now imported into them.

In a collection from the islands of the South Seas are

PICKING THE BERRIES.

SCREENING AND PACKING THE BERRIES FOR MARKET.



A CRANBERRY-BOG "LINED OFF," WITH PICKERS AT WORK.

HARVEST-TIME ON THE CAPE COD CRANBERRY-BOGS, MASSACHUSETTS.

seen specimens of the scant garments used by the islanders, made of rows of feathers, grasses, or skins, with ornaments of shells, quills, and tusks, bracelets of engraved bark and carved ivory, and spoons of sea-shells.

The exhibit from Japan carries one along from the rough sandals of rice straw, and shoes for their agricultural animals of the same material, through the gradual development of the cottons, linens, and silk, and the skilful working of woods and metals, until as a specimen of their technical school is seen a beautiful model of a bell-tower made in wood by the pupils.

The museum is governed by a board of trustees, having the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, and a number of State and city officials and fourteen prominent and influential citizens associated with them. Its president is Dr. William Pepper, for many years Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. There is an advisory board, with representatives from the chambers of commerce and boards of trade of all parts of the country; a foreign advisory board, with delegates from similar institutions abroad; and a diplomatic advisory board, having the ministers from all the Central and South American countries as members. From this it will be seen that although housed in Philadelphia, it really extends throughout the world in the scope of its plans and methods.

At the time of the formal opening of the museum the second annual meeting of the Advisory Board also took place. At this meeting topics were ably discussed, all with a view of furthering the closer commercial relations of all the countries represented. After its termination, the representatives from foreign countries were taken, as the guests of the museum, on a forty-eight days' tour to some twenty of the principal manufacturing centres of this country, bringing the delegates into personal acquaintanceship with our principal manufacturers, and resulting in the formation of business connections that will be of great benefit to the whole country in the future, as well as showing to sixteen governments the variety of productive occupations and the capacity of serving their neighbors which the United States possess.

Next year, in October, will be held the third annual meeting of the Advisory Board, and it will be notably a great gathering, for in addition to the representatives from this hemisphere will be delegates from South and West Africa, Australia, India, China, Japan, and other countries. The programme for this event is now being arranged, and will be considered by careful business men, who will bring up topics for discussion that will be for the benefit of commerce, and the museum will present to the delegates in a new form and on a wider scale that which is shown this year by the trip to our cities.

The establishment of a museum for the use of commerce is not new. Belgium, years ago, was made to see the importance of such an institution by Dr. Hagemans, who is now the Consul-General of Belgium in the United States, and the Commercial Museum at Brussels was organized, the government putting the entire consular force of the country at work for it. But this museum contains only manufactured articles made in other lands, and brought together so that they might be copied by the Belgians in order to compete in the foreign market. The Imperial Institute of London is limited almost entirely to the products of the vast colonial possessions of Great Britain. There are commercial museums, some private and others supported more or less by the governments, in Vienna, Berlin, Berne, Milan, Rome, and Stuttgart, but none of them arranged on the plan of the Philadelphia museum—*i.e.*, to be of service to the whole world, with its collections gathered from every nation, and inviting to its annual business congress representatives from both hemispheres.

Although the present quarters cover more than two hundred thousand feet of space, there are many boxes of specimens still unopened for want of room to display them. The city of Philadelphia, besides appropriating several thousand dollars, has devoted to it a site of sixteen acres on the banks of the Schuylkill, adjoining the University of Pennsylvania, and within less than ten minutes' ride from City Hall, where the work is just being commenced for the new building, to cost a million and a half dollars. In order that this building should be constructed in the best possible manner for museum purposes, Dr. Wilson, the director, has visited several institutions of a cognate character in Europe, and has gathered nearly all the information that has been printed on the subject of museums.

THE CAPE COD CRANBERRY.

WITHIN the past twenty-five years hundreds of acres of land on Cape Cod and in towns adjoining which previous to that time were almost worthless have become valuable, good-paying property, and are now the great cranberry-bogs of southeastern Massachusetts, producing a large proportion of the berries grown in the United States.

The cranberry has become one of the staple fruits, being in season from September till June, and to be grown successfully the conditions must be favorable.

The soil best adapted to the purpose is low and swampy, with no clay. Not only the soil here, but the climate also, with its comparatively mild winters and cool summers, seems especially suited to its needs, and being on the coast, early frosts are not so liable to injure the crop.

After the swamp is cleared it is irrigated, the proper construction of dikes, dams, and ditches being essential, that the bog may be flooded and drained quickly—flooding being necessary when there are indications of frost; also on the appearance of the worm, which is one of the greatest enemies the grower has to contend with. Therefore success in a great measure depends on the ability to control the water-supply.

In three years after the vines are set out they have covered the ground, are about four inches high, and bear the first crop. The berries grow in small clusters on top of the vines, and look as if they had been poured down on a soft carpet of green leaves.

The bogs vary in size, some containing but a few rods, while there are others of one hundred and more acres, owned by stock companies.

One hundred barrels to an acre is a good yield, though, like all others, the cranberry crop is very uncertain, and while many fall below this figure, bogs have been known to produce one barrel to a rod, or 160 to an acre. One bog of thirty acres produced, in 1896, 3700 barrels.

The harvest begins about the 1st of September, and is the most busy time of all the year to the people living in the vicinity of the bogs. To live out-of-doors at this beautiful season is very pleasant, and when it means health, pleasure, and profit, it calls all ages and conditions, from the baby in arms to the octogenarian with cane and spectacles; rich and poor, black and white, all are there; even the belated summer visitor is not left behind. At an early hour in the morning the pickers are astir; everybody is in a hurry; and although preparations were begun days before, there are many last things to be done before the start is made. The bogs have been "lined off" in rows, and are all ready when the pickers arrive, so the work begins at once. The berries are gathered in four and six quart measures, for each of which the picker receives a ticket when it is filled; or some of the larger bogs employ a tally-keeper. Who will get the first ticket? Each picker keeps one eye on his neighbor, and picks with all his might. It is an exciting race, with something in it for every one. The overseer (for this important personage is found on every bog) keeps a sharp watch that no berries are left in the hurry and that the measures are filled. He tells them when to begin and when to leave off, and is authority on all subjects connected with the work. No order is obeyed more promptly than "Leave off for dinner."

There are groves adjoining nearly all the bogs, and here in the shade of the trees the dinner is eaten; and how good it tastes! The hour seems a short one when the call to work is heard, but the tickets have been counted, and it is an honor to be "high," which all covet, so they are soon at work again. It is a jolly company. They talk, they laugh, they sing, they entertain visitors, but they pick all the time. But the day is drawing to its end, the sun sinks behind the trees, the dew begins to fall, and "homeward they plod their weary way," and the village, which during the day has seemed almost deserted, is again all life and bustle.

After the berries are picked they are screened and the dirt and imperfect fruit removed. The small growers do this all by hand, but on the large bogs blowers and separators are used, which greatly facilitates the work. They are then packed in boxes and barrels, stamped, and shipped to market.

Pickers are invented every year which it is claimed will gather the berries without injury to fruit or vine; but so far no method on Cape Cod has proved as satisfactory in every way as hand-picking.

THE DRAMA.

MISS MAUDE ADAMS IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER."

It is both fortunate and unfortunate for Mr. J. M. Barrie's play, produced, for the first time in New York, at the Empire Theatre on the evening of September 27, to introduce Miss Maude Adams as a "star," that it should be based on so popular a novel as *The Little Minister*. Lovers of the book are of course attracted by the promise of the play; but they follow the play with preconceived notions of the way in which the story should be dramatized, and they are inclined to resent differences. In the case of *The Little Minister*, so many episodes of the book are not in the play that the resemblance between the two works is decidedly remote. In constructing the drama Mr. Barrie began all over again, so to speak, and it is fairer to judge him by what he has done rather than by what he has not done—in other words, to consider *The Little Minister*, according to the definition on the programme, simply as a "comedy."

The first act begins in comedy vein, with the serious-minded men of Thrums on guard against the threatened attack of the soldiers. Just what they are doing in defiance of the law is not altogether clear, though the spectator may guess easily enough. Here, at the very beginning, Mr. Barrie, presumably through neglect, violates one of the most important canons of dramatic writing—that the significance of the situation carry its message at once. The unexpected appearance of Gavin Dishart, the Little Minister, and his dispersing of the men, establish his character, and make him a delightful foil for the character of Babbie, who comes singing through the wood in gypsy dress, the very embodiment of witchery. The scene between them would be altogether charming if it were not a trifle overdone; but no criticism can be passed upon the ingenious device by which Babbie persuades the minister to blow the horn that is to warn the people of the soldiers' approach. That is comedy of the most delightful kind, and the scene which speedily follows, where Babbie saves herself from arrest by claiming Gavin as her husband, is one of the prettiest episodes seen on the stage for many a day. Altogether, the first act, in spite of certain crudities in the author's management, is well-rounded and promising.

The second act, which passes through two scenes, is executed in a wholly different mood; whatever restraint the author put upon himself early in his task was rudely broken by the temptation to exaggerate. During the first scene, which discloses the interior of Nannie Webster's cottage, and serves to develop the love-affair between Babbie and Gavin, Mr. Barrie indulges in wild burlesque. The actress who plays the part of Nannie is absolutely faithful to the spirit of the author, and the result is a grossly distorted characterization. A similar exaggeration, too, weakens the scene that follows, in which the men of Thrums discuss the scandalous flirtation of their pastor with the supposed gypsy. Here the suggestion of comic opera given by Nannie's performances is strengthened by the choruslike demeanor of peasants on their way to and from the kirk. The broken-hearted soliloquy of Thomas Whamond over the Little Minister's downfall, apparently designed by the author as a serious climax to the act, illustrates the disaster that is sure to follow the mixture of incongruous emotional elements. Whamond, almost persuaded that the young minister, whom he loves as his own son, has disgraced himself, is overwhelmed with grief; but to the spectator, who knows that Gavin is innocent, this grief borders on the ludicrous, and the effect of the situation is merely to bewilder him—to make him wonder whether he ought to laugh or to sympathize.

The last two acts are written wholly in the comic-opera spirit. Here we have the old castle of comic opera, the comic-opera lord who is father of the heroine, and even the comic-opera French maid, whose salary is raised as soon as she discovers Babbie stealing back to her ancestral home. There is genuine humor in the characterization of the French maid, and though her sudden fall over the threshold as soon as Babbie opens a door, after an exciting scene, is by no means new, it made the audience laugh aloud. Indeed, when once the spectator forgot to expect the promised "comedy," there were many things in the last two acts for him to enjoy. The arrival of Gavin in the castle, and his declaration that the gypsy was in the house and in the next room, followed by Babbie's sudden appearance as a fine young lady, made an impressive moment, like a thrill in a fairy tale. Gavin's declaration of affection, however, was as absurd as Babbie's own avowals, and it was easy to sympathize with the angry father's disgust. But the discovery that Gavin's acknowledgment of Babbie as his wife in the first act constituted a marriage gave an ingenious twist to the story, and enabled the author to bring his play to a pretty and wholly whimsical conclusion. The best thing in the last act was Babbie's wheedling of her father out of his rage into good-humored consent to her marriage. It showed so delightfully Mr. Barrie's humor playing through human nature that it made one wish he had relied on human nature throughout the piece, instead of having recourse to the apologetic devices of the second-rate dramatist.

BABBIE PRETENDS BEFORE THE SOLDIERS THAT SHE IS THE LITTLE MINISTER'S WIFE.

The Little Minister shows that since writing *The Professor's Love-Story* Mr. Barrie has made a great advance in dramatic construction. It is lacking, however, in the spontaneous humor and the shrewd characterizations of the earlier work. In his treatment of the people of Thrums Mr. Barrie is decidedly open to criticism; instead of representing them as they are, he has held them up to ridicule. It is much easier, of course, to make a caricature than to draw a character, and it is needless to explain why it is vastly inferior art.

BABBIE SUDDENLY OPENS THE DOOR AND ENCOUNTERS THE LISTENING FÉLICE.

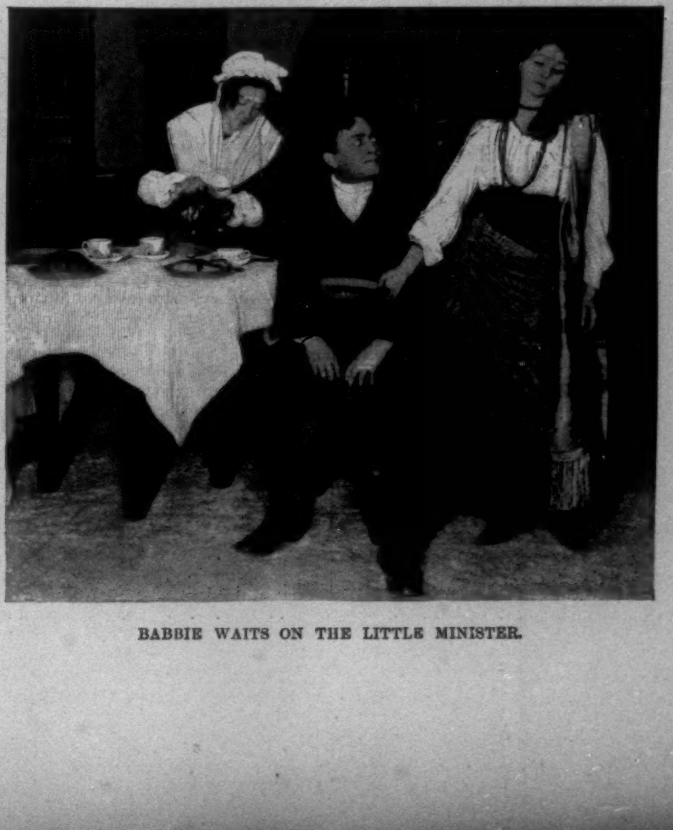
In spite of its faults, the play has certainly scored a great popular success. Miss Maude Adams received a welcome as a "star" that is said to have been unprecedented in warmth. In the character of Babbie she had a part exactly suited to her abilities and her personal qualities. On her first appearance, as the fine lady masquerading in gypsy garb, she acted with delicacy and effectiveness, suggesting her limitations only when dropping comedy for momentary lapses into almost alarming pathos. Her comedy is natural; her pathos is artful. In the wonderful costume worn at the close of the third act, Miss Adams made an extremely beautiful figure; but as soon as she undertook, in a long speech, to express the conflicting emotions of the woman agitated by love and at the same time solicitous for her personal appearance, she was unequal to creating the subtle contrasts. In the last act, however, she was altogether delightful.

The weak spot in the cast was in the interpreter of the character of Gavin. Mr. Robert Edeson is a good actor in certain parts, but as the Little Minister he was sadly out of his element. In the first place, he did not look the part; he brought to it a face marked by experience, and the bearing of the performer trained in romantic rôles. There are, indeed, very few actors who could adequately interpret this character. It requires, first of all, fineness, a rare quality. Mr. Edeson's failure is quite excusable, but it is none the less deplorable, for much of the charm of the play depended upon the performance of the title character.

The other players all did their work extremely well, and the settings were artistically painted and arranged and beautifully lighted. Mr. W. H. Thompson, as Whamond, presented a wonderful make-up, and built on the rather uncertain foundation provided by the dramatist an admirably deliberate and impressive characterization.

JOHN D. BARRY.

BABBIE, SUMMONED BY HER FATHER, CONFRONTS HIM IN EVENING DRESS.



BABBIE WAITS ON THE LITTLE MINISTER.

THE TROUBLES IN INDIA.

THE latest news from India, and recently published public documents, disclose the fact that the British administration in India is confronted by difficulties of a more formidable kind than it has been willing to admit. For the first time in the occupation of the country, external danger has to be faced at the same moment that the internal condition of the country is giving rise to the gravest apprehensions. As a consequence the English government has to make extraordinary preparations to maintain its prestige among the warlike populations of the western frontier, and at the same time repress every attempt at insurrection among the native races in the rear of the army now collecting on the frontier. This grave situation is the culmination of a long period of errors in judgment and administration on the part of the government in India itself, and of the government in England, which has steadfastly refused to face the social and economic problems that have during recent years been loudly calling for solution. The warnings and pleadings of upright and loyal natives and many distinguished British officials have been sneered at and disregarded; and now, to all appearance, changes that might have been peacefully effected a few years ago will only be arrived at through something very much like revolution.

Regarding the internal situation, the resentment roused by the violence done to social and religious prejudice in the matter of the exposure and examination, in the plague camps, of native women of all ranks belonging to the Hindoo and Mussulman populations, is far from allayed, and the refusal of the British authorities to order or allow any inquiry into the conduct of accused officials has had the worst possible effect. The result is that what has only been a social grievance is now raised into a political question, and is made an issue between the dominant power and its subject peoples. To add to the gravity of the position comes the statement from responsible sources that an ominous sympathy has manifested itself between the Hindoos and Mussulmans, which means a coalition of twelve-thirteenths of the population against the government. The economic situation is becoming alarming, but all attempts on the part of members of Parliament to raise the question in the House of Commons before the close of the session were fruitless, and the government of India, under the guidance of Lord George Hamilton, is drifting along in hopeless confusion. With increasing poverty among the people, the public debt is being heavily increased and the military expenses augmented.

For the present the events on the frontier overshadow the internal troubles, and, judging by the magnitude of the military preparations, would seem to be considered of the greatest moment. A series of recently published documents relating to the last Afghan war throw unexpected light on the relations between Abdurrahman Khan and the British Indian government at the time he came to the throne, and the causes that led to the conclusion of peace and the British evacuation of Afghanistan. The last invasion of Afghanistan was undertaken in consequence of the massacre of Sir Louis Cavagnari, the British agent at Cabul and his escort, and was hurriedly brought to a conclusion in consequence of "the critical situations into which the Anglo-Indian armies had drifted." The armies at Cabul and Quetta were suffering severely from the effects of climate, transport animals were dying off by hundreds, fuel was falling short, and the tribes, emboldened by the inactivity of the troops, were committing depredations and harassing the outposts and lines of communication with India in every way. A distinguished officer serving with the army recorded his observations in terse and clear language. He said: "The war was commenced in ignorance of the difficulties to be encountered, and in consequence, at an early period, the government found itself, with exhausted resources, compelled to make a peace which might almost have been dictated by its adversary. The enormous difficulty of carrying out a successful campaign in Afghanistan is due to two causes. The first cause is the absence of combined resistance. Attacking the Afghan tribes is like making sword-thrusts into the water. You meet with no resistance, but you also do no injury. The tribes harass the communications of an invading army; they cut off straggling parties; they plunder baggage; they give the troops no rest; but they carefully avoid a decisive action. The invading force moves wherever it pleases, but it never holds more of the country than the ground on which it is actually encamped. Each separate tribe is, as it were, an independent centre of life, which requires a separate and special operation for its extinction. The consequence is that the only way in which we could enforce our authority would be by a simultaneous occupation of the entire country; and seeing that the country is as large as France, very sparsely populated, and quite incapable of feeding a large army, such an occupation is simply impossible. The other great difficulty is that there is scarcely any forage in Afghanistan, and consequently the transport train of an invading army cannot fail to be crippled after a few weeks of active service. The moment that such a catastrophe is consummated, an army in the field becomes as cumbersome and useless as a swan on a turnpike road. This latter difficulty it was which compelled the government to make the Treaty of Gandamak." A curious light is thrown on the way in which history is sometimes written by other revelations. It now appears that the success of Lord Roberts's celebrated march to Candahar was due to the diplomatic astuteness of Abdurrahman Khan, who seems to have understood the value of building a golden bridge for his enemy. To facilitate the evacuation of the country he caused stores to be collected along the line of march, giving orders that the march of the army was not to be harassed, and proclamation was made that the Ameer was sending one division of the infidel army out of the country by way of Candahar. The other part of it returned to India by way of the Khyber Pass, now the centre of interest in the present conflict. Another fiction has been swept away by the admission that Abdurrahman did not receive his Ameership at the hands of the British, but installed himself as "the choice of the people of Afghanistan to protect the country, in the name of Islam, against all infidel encroachments." These latter facts will have to be borne in mind later on, as some English writers wrongly argue that, having appointed the Ameer, the British government has a right to dictate to him, and are already urging on the government the execution of the policy of the "scientific frontier" that ended so disastrously in 1880. It would seem as though the British government has had some intention to resume the execution of that policy, and that the move up the Tochi Valley, that leads into the very heart of Afghanistan, was deliberately planned to provoke the risings against which forces are moving from various points of India. A well-informed writer gives some interesting information in connection with the Tochi disaster. The Darwesh Khel Waziris who attacked the British force in the Tochi Valley belong to a numerous clan, a section of which, the Kabul Khel Waziris, occupies a territory to the north of the valley; and another section, the Mahsud Waziris, dwells in the Zhob country to the south. In 1880 an unsuccessful attempt was made to subjugate the former, and in 1888 an effort was made to bring the latter under control, and to construct a railway through their territory to connect the frontier station of Dera Ismail Khan with Pishin through the Gumal Pass. The survey, however, was stopped by the tribesmen of Makin; and when in 1889 a force advanced from Beluchistan to protect another survey for the same purpose, it was driven back by the Kiddarzai tribe. The following year, however, the late Sir R. Sandeman induced the Zhob chiefs, in consideration of a subsidy, to allow the establishment of a post at Apozai, afterwards called Fort Sandeman. The Mahsud Waziris and other local tribes were at the same time subsidized to keep the Gumal Pass open for trade purposes. When, however, the tribes perceived that Apozai was being strongly fortified, and the Gumal Pass was used for bringing large bodies of troops into the Zhob Valley, they repudiated the bargain, and began by attacking the post camp by firing into it at night, cut off stragglers, plundered the convoys, and harassed the communications with India. When complaints were made to the Ameer of what were described to him as hostilities committed on British territory, he inquired what and where were the limits of British Indian authority, and hinted that it was the British who were encroaching on independent tribal territory. He, however, recalled, at the request of the Indian government, an officer of his who was resident in Waziristan; but the Waziris continued their hostilities. The Ameer was then threatened that his kingdom would be suppressed unless he fell in with the British frontier policy. This was in November, 1892. He paid no attention to this menace, and a conference was held at Cabul, at which the British representative contended that the border tribes were not his subjects, as they paid him no revenue, and were ruled by their own elected chiefs. An offer was made at the same time to increase his subsidy from 1,200,000 rupees to 1,800,000 on condition that he abstained from giving material aid to those tribes resisting the introduction of British rule into the country. This he accepted, and also consented to the appointment of a joint commission to delimit the boundary-line which, according to the British view, separates Afghanistan from the territories of the independent border tribes. The British contentions, however, are irreconcilable with the fundamental laws and customs of Afghanistan, where the tribes are united by a compact which binds each to keep the land of Islam free from the *Kafir*, or infidel, and to join in a *jehad* for the expulsion of the infidel. The sentiments of the Ameer himself were disclosed in letters which the British succeeded in intercepting, among them one addressed to the tribal *maliks*, or leaders, in which he said:

"God has imposed a *jehad* on all believers, and whoever denies this is as a *Kafir*. You should fight the *Kafirs* who come into your land. Fear not death. All believers should join in the *jehad*; they should not, like women, remain in their houses, but, like men, become *ghazis*, martyrs, in the cause. True Moslems should hasten to the frontier, which it is their duty to guard and protect, preventing *Kafirs* from entering the land of Islam. We call on all inhabitants of cities and villages to support the religion of Islam by prayer, by fasts, and by war. The frontiers of the territory of Islam have fallen into the power of oppressors. All believers are bound to join in the *jehad* when they are called to arms. By the grace of God they should do their utmost to uphold the religion of Mohammed. Let them go forth to war, and like tigers meet the host of unbelievers. Let them mow down with their swords that pernicious people, and use their heads like bulls." It is this that is the justification of the attack made by the Tochi tribesmen on the British force, and the Ameer's call to them was in self-defence, as a road up the Tochi Valley leads directly to Ghazni, which is on the road from Cabul to Candahar, and if captured by a British invading force would cut off all communications between Cabul and southern Afghanistan, leaving an army advancing from Peshawur only the local tribal levies and the army round Cabul to contend with.

From the character of the re-enforcements that are being hurried out from England it is evident that more serious operations than those against the tribal levies are contemplated. The large force of artillery and cavalry now on its way to India indicates that it is expected at some stage of the campaign to meet forces similarly provided; in other words, that war on the Ameer and an invasion of Afghanistan are intended. In such an event it is more than probable that other forces will appear on the scene. It is known that Russian troops have been lately moved down to points on the Russo-Afghan frontier, and it has been recently announced that General Kuropatkine, commanding the Russian army in Turkestan, who was in St. Petersburg to confer with the Emperor and government, has been ordered to rejoin his command without delay. A British advance to Candahar from Quetta, from where a railway line has been carried as far as Chaman by a tunnel through the Khojak Amran Mountains, within one hundred miles of Candahar, would undoubtedly bring a Russian army within striking distance of Herat. At Herat, such is the favorable nature of the country, that, according to information in possession of the British War-Office, it is calculated that everything required for the sustenance of an army of 120,000 men, with transport animals, could be found with ease. From Herat to Candahar the distance is about three hundred and seventy miles, by a route presenting no obstacles to the transport of artillery. This was proved in the last Afghan war, when Yakub Khan marched from Herat with the force that inflicted the disaster of Maiwand on the force covering the road to Candahar. Unlike a British Indian army, the Russian Turkestan troops are unhampered by masses of camp-followers, which gives them a mobility not possible with the British. The Russians would have a double objective—one to put a limit to a British advance beyond a certain point, probably the Helmund; the other to secure the immunity of the eastern frontier of Persia on the side of Beluchistan. The reason for this is found in the fact that Russia in 1889 obtained certain concessions from Persia, among them the right to construct a railway from Askabad on the trans-Caspian railway, to Meshed, in Persia, and thence, *viâ* Jumain, Birjand, and Kerman, to Bandar Abbas, thus virtually commanding the approach to Beluchistan and securing a footing on the Strait of Hormuz, the outlet from the Persian Gulf to the Indian Ocean. It is apparent from this that the steps now being taken on the Afghan border-land may be fraught with very far-reaching consequences. Every incident, therefore, connected with the forward movement begun by the British forces in India will be watched with the deepest interest. In the fighting that has taken place so far we hear only of non-Mussulman troops being engaged on the British side—Sikhs, Goorkhas, and others. The Pathans, Beloochis, and other Mussulman regiments appear to have been kept in the rear or sent away. As this is the first time that a *jehad* has been proclaimed against the British by a recognized ruler among the Mussulmans, and every good Mussulman is bound to obey such a call, this would only be an act of common prudence. But it is not the less a serious matter for the British rulers of India that they enter on a struggle of a critical character deprived of the power they would otherwise have had from over fifty millions of a warlike population, and without the sympathy of the vast majority of the people of India.

MOVING THE GREAT GRAIN CROP.

THE wheat crop of the United States for this year of 1897 is estimated at 500,000,000 bushels, one of the largest crops on record, and fortunately for the farmers the European demand has raised the price, and is sending the golden grain eastward at an unprecedented rate. Over 200,000,000 bushels will be demanded by the Old World, and the shipment of this enormous bulk is taxing the capacity of the railroads and grain-carrying vessels on the lakes, of canal-boats and ocean steamers to the fullest extent.

Of the various routes to the seaboard, the one *viâ* the Great Lakes, from Chicago, Duluth, and other distributing points to Buffalo, and by the Erie Canal to New York, is the cheapest. While the railroads are more expeditious, they are more expensive; but the needs of the present year have provided an unusual amount of business for all. The importance of the great inland waterway is exemplified this year in the handling of a large portion of this important business with such speed and economy as to make us marvel in the great achievements of modern commercial enterprise.

To show the increasing importance of the lake traffic, the total tonnage on the 30th of June last was 1,410,103, an increase of 86,000 tons since last year; while Michigan is second only to New York among the States in the number of vessels it owns, having 1132, with a total tonnage of 477,602; and Ohio is third, with 558 vessels and 390,052 tons.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago the bulk of the grain trade on the lakes was done in wooden sailing-vessels—high-sparred, fast-sailing, three-masted schooners and barkentines—gayly painted, trim, and pretty to look at, carrying from twenty to thirty thousand bushels of grain, and making remarkable trips sometimes, when there was wind enough. There were always delays in those days in loading and unloading, and the rates were much higher than they are to-day. Now the sailing-vessel has largely disappeared, turned into tow-barges for carrying coal and lumber, or grain when they can get it; the few remaining are sad and dingy reminders of their former smart appearance, while the new craft on the lakes are of modern steel construction, many of them among the finest models of American-built merchant-vessels.

At present there are nearly seven hundred vessels engaged in carrying grain on the lakes, the newer ones having a capacity of over 100,000 bushels, while there is one new steamer, the *Empire City*, which carries 180,000 bushels in bulk, which is considerably more than any vessel engaged in carrying grain on the ocean. These new steamers are fitted with triple or quadruple expansion engines, lighted by electricity, and make the trip from Duluth to Buffalo, about a thousand miles, in four days.

The Argosys of old, with

> Sails of silk and ropes of sandal
> Such as gleams in ancient lore,

were not more richly laden than these great iron ships, shorn of beauty, plainly practical, and pouring forth their streaming banners of black smoke as they rush through the placid waters of these tideless inland seas. Ever in haste, their hoarse-voiced sirens sounding the warning note of imperative commerce as they hurry on, urging lesser craft out of their way, and waking the smooth waters to tumbling wrath behind them.

Where once the Indian canoe glided in untroubled security these leviathans of modern need plough their way night and day. Ever an unceasing procession from port to port, they hurry their great cargoes with safety and despatch. The lake sailors are a class by themselves in the skill with which they handle their great craft in the narrow rivers and crowded harbors they have to deal with. Where there is scarcely room to pass, so narrow the way, they twist and turn, back in or out, and find their way night and day with rare cunning and an ease that might astonish the salt-water sailor accustomed to more room and larger harbors. Then, too, when the autumn gales wake the sleeping lakes to a fury hard to realize in the calm summer months, the lake sailor must be brave and skilful to bring his vessel through the turbulent seas to the shelter of the surf-clouded breakwater.

Buffalo, by reason of its fortunate position, is one of the greatest grain ports in the world. Its muddy, narrow river harbor is lined with great elevators and warehouses, which lift their huge bulk through the smoke-laden atmosphere. Grim and important, dust-covered and grimed with soot, they tell of the wear and tear of great activities. Here the grain is discharged for reshipment by rail or canal, and here are some of the largest elevators in the world. A new one being built by the Great Northern Steamship Company will have a capacity of 3,000,000 bushels, and is fire-proof, built of brick and steel, the grain stored in enormous cylindrical steel tanks holding 100,000 bushels each, and hermetically sealed to protect it from moisture. All the machinery will be run by electricity from Niagara Falls, and it affords a striking contrast to the old slow methods of lifting and shovelling. By the modern methods a vessel can be loaded or unloaded in minutes, where it formerly took hours, and the loss in dust and handling till the wheat is loaded on the steamers at New York is only one per cent.

From Buffalo the grain travels to New York by rail and canal. With the improvements now in progress on the Erie Canal, the new steel boats will be able to come all the way down the lakes to the Hudson and alongside the steamers in New York Harbor without shifting their cargoes. This is being done to-day, but the water in the canal is too shallow to admit of any great speed. However, it is only a matter of time when grain will be shipped through in this way. The new boats, resembling somewhat small whaleback steamers, are towed through lake, canal, and river to the great city by the sea.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

In advance of his photographs, which are to be published in next week's Weekly, comes a hasty letter from Mr. Tappan Adney, the Weekly's correspondent, which has quite as much news between the lines of it as he has written out. Under date of "Skagway, September 3," he says: "I am writing this at the U S. Commissioner's Office while the officer is making out the replevin papers for my horses. I am now nearly over the Chilkoot Pass with my outfit. Words cannot describe the chaos, confusion, uncertainties, and losses that are hourly occurring. Expenses are frightful. It has cost me seven or eight hundred dollars to get my outfit as far as it is. Plenty of men are not so far, and never will be. There are no prices that last a day. I have a roll of films of Skagway and the White Pass trail ready to send as soon as I can get down the trail, but I did not expect to be here to-day. I contracted with a packer to put me over with my horses, but, confronted by physical impossibilities, he has failed, and I am having trouble even to recover my horses.

"I had this letter once written when a thoroughly characteristic thing occurred—the sort of thing that is happening hourly—a stove upset, setting fire to the building, and destroying the part of the letter which I did not save. Nothing can be counted on from hour to hour or out of one's sight. Twice my outfit has narrowly escaped destruction from absolutely unforeseen causes. The first escape was from fire from cinders which a runaway steer kicked into my tent. The cover was burned off my camera frame and plate-holder, but no real damage done. The second case was more serious, but when it happened I telegraphed to have the loss repaired. It consisted of the loss of 250 5×7 celluloid plates, damaged by water. I took five dozen 4×5 plates, which I can use, from the man who was responsible, at the point of a gun.

"Boats are bringing fabulous prices. Five hundred dollars was offered and refused at Lake Lindeman. It costs a frightful sum to get one packed over; besides, one has to guard his property hourly or find himself without it. Two or three men have gone out of their heads—lunatics! There never has been anything like this on this continent; all the old miners say the same thing. The only thing I can send now is a daily journal. The real story must come from a distance of time. We have only had one or two days when instantaneous pictures could be taken, but I have tried to have the men pose as well as possible.

"I return in a few hours to Dyea, to pick up my stuff along the line and face a dozen desperate men who are ahead of me on the contract, and who see no other way to get over save by the help of my stock. The pack-train was held up this morning, and will not pass with another load unless the goods of men who have been waiting two weeks are taken. I shall clear my stock, sell them for what I can get, and then hire packers over the summit, doing what I can myself."

Mr. Adney's pictures arrived too late for reproduction in this number, but some excellent scenes of Dawson City and its neighborhood, and on the route Mr. Adney will travel, are printed on page 1004.

FRENCH MUGWUMPS, OR THE NEW "EMPLOYERS' PARTY" IN FRANCE.

The large employers of labor and the principal merchants belonging to all shades of political conservatism have lately formed in France a union, or league, in view of the general elections to be held next year for the Chamber of Deputies. The Socialists, Collectivists, and other more or less radical revolutionists, against all of whom the new Conservative association is openly directed, have already nicknamed it "Le Parti des Patrons," the Employers' Party, though its official name is "Comité National Républicain du Commerce et de l'Industrie" (National Republican Committee of Commerce and Industry). The French promoters of the organization, like its protagonist, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, ex-minister, renowned lawyer, a friend of Gambetta, and a former candidate to the Presidency, were undoubtedly inspired by the success which attended, at the latest election in the United States, the patriotic union of all conservative elements, Democrats and Republicans, against the silverite and demagogical candidature of Bryan. The new French Conservative Republican party thinks that it will prevent the threatened election of one hundred and fifty Socialists to the Chamber of Deputies; it hopes, also, not to be deceived in its expectations, as has occurred in America, and that those who shall have been elected through the efforts of the Employers' Party will carry out the main articles of the programme.

The foundation of the National Republican Committee of Commerce and Industry was decided on February 24, 1897, at the general meeting of merchants and manufacturers held at Paris, when the members of the committee were elected unanimously. These members, presided over by M. Expert-Besançon, count among them some of the highest representatives of French trade and manufacture, all men who have never before taken an active part in the struggles of political parties, but who are presidents of the syndical-chambers of their respective businesses. Even at present, though engaged in an electoral campaign, they do not aspire to do a political work, in the strict meaning of the word, but rather a work of social preservation. Their attention to its urgent necessity was awakened by the speeches delivered recently in several cities of France by Waldeck-Rousseau, Paul Deschanel, and other moderate Republican Deputies, aware of the consequences which an increase in the number of revolutionists in the Chamber would exercise upon social order.

This is very distinctly proclaimed in the circular letter, or "Appel," which the committee has just sent to all electors susceptible of listening to its entreaties and of giving their practical support. The circular says that the aim of the committee is "to coöperate in the preparation of the legislative elections of 1898, through the organization of a propaganda as active and general as possible, against the socialistic and collectivist doctrines, the ardent attacks of which threaten the principles of the social organization bequeathed to us by the French Revolution, notably individual liberty, individual property, and freedom of labor. These essential liberties are indispensable to the march of progress from a political and social stand-point, as well as to the prosperity of commerce, industry, and agriculture." To defend those liberties the committee declares that itself and its adherents must exercise their "legitimate influence" over the approaching elections in profusely spreading the necessary publications, and in organizing meetings, and also conferences or lectures to be made by "experienced Republicans." The circular adds: "In order to reach our aim, we appeal to all merchants, manufacturers, and agricultural producers in France. You will appreciate how much is necessary your pecuniary assistance and that of your friends." This is the important point of this campaign, prepared so much in advance, for the elections will not take place probably much before the month of May, 1898, according to the usual custom, though the Constitution permits them to occur right after the dissolution of the existing Chamber, whose term of five years ends next April.

The opposition to the plans of the National Republican Committee has already been displayed in a portion of the French press from two different sides. Not on the side of the former Royalists and Bonapartists; for the immense majority of them are "rallied" to the republic, as it is well known; and the others, the "irréconciliables," are too well off and too conservative for attacking a committee defending property and social order. But the Radicals, on the one hand, and the Socialists and Collectivists on the other, have lost no time in opening their batteries upon the committee and its appeal. The Radicals accuse it of degrading French political dignity in introducing money as an electoral agent. They forget that they were the first to do so on two notable occasions. Under the Presidency of Maréchal MacMahon, at the time of his famous ministerial *coup d'état* of the 16th of May, the Radicals clamored that the republican form of government was in danger, and they appealed for electoral funds to the Republican merchants of the rue du Sentier, which is for Paris something like Worth Street is for New York. Later on, when M. Floquet, a Radical, was Minister of the Interior, he received from the Panama Canal Company three hundred thousand francs, which he publicly declared himself to have demanded as a needed assistance in the preparation of an electoral campaign. The Socialists and Collectivists pretend, in their turn, that the committee, being mainly composed of the presidents of the syndical chambers, these presidents were betraying the interests of their chambers, which are exclusively professional, in using them for electoral strategy. They also pretend to know that in every chamber there is a minority ready to protest against the action of their presidents, and consequently that the circular letter of the committee can bring no results, and will be a mere "brutum fulmen." At any rate, the fight is warmly proceeding already in the revolutionist and the conservative organs, and the electoral campaign in France promises to be at the same time very active and somewhat instructive to lookers-on from abroad.

The above-mentioned association has been supplemented and re-enforced more recently by another, called the "Grand Cercle Républicain," or Grand Republican Club, clothed with a more directly political character. Its foundation was urged also by ex-Minister Waldeck-Rousseau, the originator of the conservative and mercantile organization, as the issue of a banquet given by the famous "Revue Politique et Coloniale," and over which he presided, June 18, 1896. The Grand Republican Club is opened, according to its prospectus, to "Senators, Deputies, political men, and electors." Its Paris conference and correspondence committees will organize, especially during the electoral periods, an active propaganda by lectures and speeches, and they will carry on a constant correspondence with similar committees in the provinces. This Grand Republican Club has for its object to ensure the election to the French Chamber and Senate of "républicains de gouvernement"—that is, of conservative and moderate Republicans. And it will be noticed that it employs the same routine which was used under the first Revolution by the famous Society of Jacobins, which actually governed France for four years, and which had ramifications in the smallest towns of the country.

Félix Aucaigne.

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in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.—[*Adv.*]

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

THE COST OF BREAKFAST.
The dining-cars operated by the Erie Railroad now serve breakfast, luncheon, and supper on the café plan, the cost depending on what is ordered. Breakfast, for example, may consist of anything from fruit and chops to rolls and coffee, and the passenger pays only for what he gets. An elaborate dinner is served table d'hote at the uniform price of one dollar.—[*Adv.*]

See our Exhibit at the American Institute Fair, Madison Square Garden, now open. Angostura Bitters—Eiffel Tower Fruit Juices—White's Jelly Crystals. Be our guests at the Fair.—[*Adv.*]

One keep-well is worth a dozen get-betters. Abbott's Angostura Bitters keeps you well while you're getting better. Abbott's—the old original genuine.—[*Adv.*]

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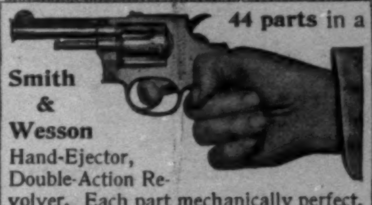

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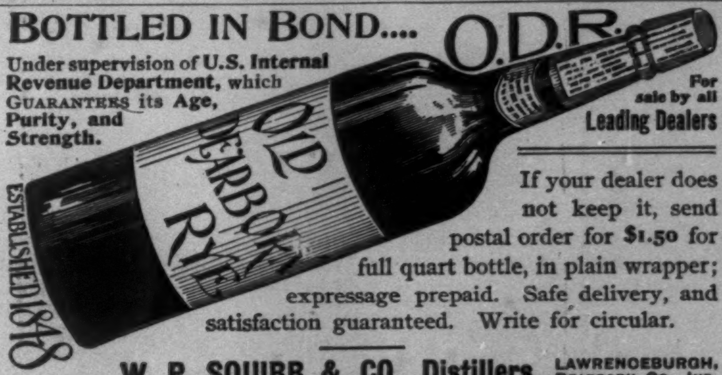

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AMATEVR · SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY. *He proceeds overland to San Francisco and Vancouver. On his way across the continent he will gather material for a series of articles on sport in the West. From Vancouver he will sail for Siam, touching at Japan and China. In Siam* MR. WHITNEY *will penetrate into the interior, which is one of the least-known lands in the world. His main purpose there will be to hunt big game, Siam being richer in varieties of the larger wild animals than either Africa or India. After this hunt* MR. WHITNEY *will proceed to Europe, and will there prepare a series of articles on sport in France, Germany, and England.*

During MR. WHITNEY'S *absence this Department will publish contributions from* MR. WALTER CAMP, MR. JOHN CORBIN, *and other well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

SMALL YACHTS AND YACHT-RACING—1897.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

THE present and the preceding season have produced some new developments which indicate a radical change in yachting for the immediate future. It is not only more than ever apparent that, for an indefinite time at least, there will be no more building or racing of such large and costly yachts as *Defender*, or even of similar extreme craft in the medium classes, but it is now possible to predict what will fill the void at present existing. The yachts of to-day, the ones which have kept the sport alive through the seasons of '96 and '97, are of two kinds, those in which design and construction are entirely unhampered, and those built under special restrictions of the most stringent description. All of these craft belong in the smaller classes, of not over 30 feet water-line length, and the first of them are considerably under this limit.

SEAWANHAKA-CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

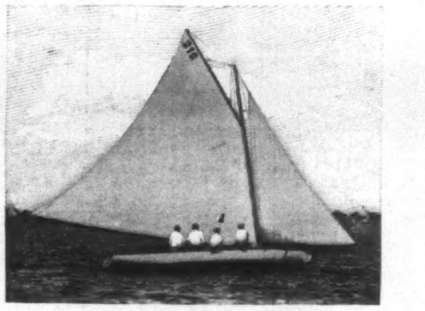
The contests for the Seawanhaka International Cup, covering the years '95, '96, and '97, have produced a fleet of racing-craft quite as extreme in design and construction as *Defender* herself, and open to all the objections of extreme cost, fragile construction, and limited utility lodged against the large yachts. The vast difference in size, however, between 15 feet and 90 feet alters the problem; the sum of $650 for a racing 15-footer or of $1200 for a 20-footer is indeed excessive, when the limited life and utility of the boats are considered; but, on the other hand, a man may get a couple of seasons of fine racing out of one of these boats. True, they are useless save for racing, and they are speedily outbuilt, but they give good sport at a merely nominal outlay as compared with the many thousands required to build and run a large racing-yacht.

The highest development of this new type of miniature racing-machine is found in the 20-foot class, whose exciting races for the Seawanhaka Cup have just concluded. The best of the defending and challenging fleets, the choice of the trial races, are very much alike; very lightly built centreboard craft of 31 to 33 feet over all, 17 feet 6 inches water-line, 8 feet beam, and about 5 inches draught, the extreme draught with centreboard lowered being limited by the rules to 6 feet. The sail area, in mainsail and jib, is 500 square feet; the spars are hollow, the sails of the strongest combination of cotton and silk that can be made for the purpose, and the details of the rigging are worked out with the greatest care to secure strength, extreme lightness, and perfect working of all parts. In the design, both of the challenger *Momo* and the defender *Glencairn II.*, no consideration whatever is given to seaworthiness, durability, or general usefulness, speed being the sole end in view. The construction and arrangement follow the same line, everything being sacrificed to the saving of weight.

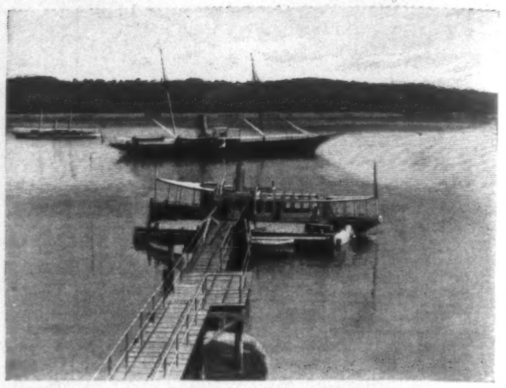
While it is a matter of regret that the skill of designer and builder is devoted merely to a temporary end, and not to the improvement of yachts and the advancement of yachting, it must be admitted that the evils of the modern racing-machine are reduced to a minimum when the total cost is little over one thousand dollars as compared with an expenditure of upward of one hundred thousand in the production of an equally useless and temporary racing-machine in the large classes.

There are indications on every hand of a general desire among yachtsmen for such a thorough reconstruction of racing rules as will encourage the building of yachts that, while fast enough for good racing, at the same time will give some accommodation for cruising and life on board, and through this and more permanent construction will be capable of continued use as cruisers after they are outbuilt as racers. This end cannot be reached in a day or a year. However, the prejudices in favor of unrestricted speed, regardless of cost, are still very strong. In the mean while the best hope for the maintenance of racing lies in the smaller classes, such as the 20-footers, in which the expenses of racing, though relatively heavy, are actually within the reach of yachtsmen of moderate means.

In the decline of the larger classes and the rapid growth of the smaller is seen one result of the over-development of the racing-machine at an excessive increase of cost—the decrease of size in order that quality, from a racing stand-point, may be maintained. Still another result is now evident in this country and England—the establishment of special classes in which quality, so to speak, is limited in order to lessen cost. These classes, existing by the dozen and increasing day by day, have been created solely to counteract the evils of extreme features of design, limited utility, fragile construction, and rapid outbuilding. Each class is governed by special restrictions peculiar to it, these being of two kinds. In the "one-design" class, as it is called, all of the yachts must be built from a standard design, which usually includes not only the model and construction of the hull, but the rig as well. In this way the yachts in a class are all exactly alike, so that the victory of one means merely that she is better managed and handled. There can be no outbuilding through excessive draught of water or through the use of specially costly materials, and a yacht is not superseded after her first season by a new one that costs more and is really inferior to her. In such a class the racing, confined to equal boats, may go on for a series of years with increasing interest.


"ROOSTER."
Owned by C. F. Adams, 2d.

The best known of the "one-design" classes, and one of the most successful, is the "special thirty-foot" class, established last season by some of the leading yachtsmen of New York and Newport. This class now boasts thirteen yachts, identical in design and construction, all turned out at the same establishment. They are fin-keel craft of 42 feet over-all length, 30 feet water-line, 8 feet 6 inches beam, and 7 feet 2 inches draught, with a sail area of 900 square feet, a simple pole-masted rig. The hull is of light and elaborate construction, double-skin with mahogany outside, and a small cabin-house giving shelter, though the boats are practically open-racing craft. The crews are limited to four, professionals being allowed both as helmsmen and in the crew, and, by the special conditions of the class, one lady may be carried in addition to the four men. Beginning at New York in May, this fleet has raced continuously, until October, going to Newport after the spring races about New York were over. They sail four and five races in a week, for sweepstakes and other prizes, many valuable cups being offered by yachtsmen and others interested in the fine sport which the class has made. The competition between the owners, themselves at the helm, and in some cases between Corinthian and professional helmsmen, has served to stimulate the interest. The little craft are great favorites with the ladies, and many of them carry passengers in racing. As a school for racing-men the class has never been equalled; even yachtsmen of wide experience in large and small craft have discovered that they had need of all their skill to hold near the head in the constant hard racing of this fleet, and that there was still much for them to learn.

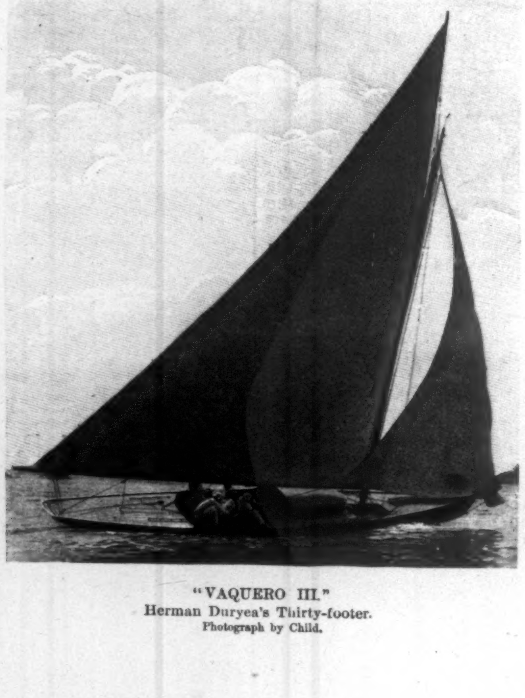

OYSTER BAY—VIEW FROM SEAWANHAKA-CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

The "thirty-footer" is the most expensive of the "one-design" yachts, the first cost being about $3000. From this figure the cost ranges downward to as little as $150, for which sum, or its equivalent, £30, may be had a well-built centreboard boat of 13 to 15 feet over all, with one sail, of excellent design, and capable of racing and general sailing. One of the first of the "one-design" classes, and one of the most successful, is the "Water Wag" class of Kingstown, Ireland, established in 1887, the boats, which cost but £15, being 13 feet over all, and 4 feet 10 inches beam, with a sail of 75 square feet. There are now between 40 and 50 of them about Kingstown alone, while the class has been adopted in many other places. Under distinctive names, "Colleen," "Droleen," "Red Wing," etc., and in various types and sizes, the "one-design" classes flourish in British waters, and they are rapidly increasing in this country.

What promises to be a most useful class is now in process of establishment by the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club. The design selected by the club is for a deep centreboard craft of about 33 feet over all, 21 feet water-line, 7 feet 8 inches beam, and 4 feet draught of hull, including an iron keel of 3500 pounds, through which works an iron centreboard. This board, which increases the total draught to 7 feet, will house under the cabin floor. There will be a snug cabin, 8 feet long and with 5 feet head-room, an 8-foot cockpit, and the sail plan, of 550 square feet, will include a mainsail and jib, there being no bowsprit. The cost, for excellent and durable construction, will be about $800; and it is expected that some fifteen boats will be built this winter. Regular races will be held at Oyster Bay, and the boats will also be fitted for general use and cruising.

Another variation of the same idea is found in what are called "special" or "restricted" classes, governed by stringent regulations as to dimensions, construction, cost, etc., but not necessarily of one design. In reality, the

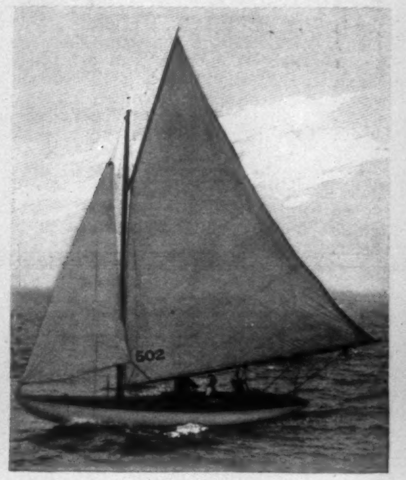
HERRESHOFF KNOCKABOUT.
Owned by C. S. Easton.


"VAQUERO III."
Herman Duryea's Thirty-footer.
Photograph by Child.

"ROSEMARY."
Gerald Paget's English Thirty-footer.
Photograph by Child.

thirty-foot class already mentioned belongs to this category, but as a matter of fact only the yachts of one designer have figured in it. These classes offer practically the same advantages as the "one-design," but are better in some cases in that there is a larger field for the ingenuity and skill of the designers, and material improvement is possible. While framed to prevent undesirable extremes of design and construction and rapid outbuilding, the restrictions still allow considerable latitude to the designer.

"GOSLING."
Owned by F. O. Worth and L. M. Clark.

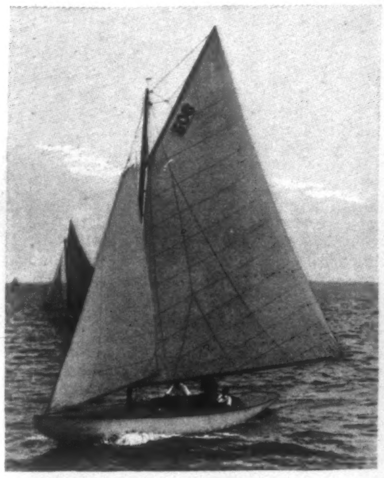

"MONGOOSE."
Owned by A. D. Irving, Jr.

"JACOBIN."
Owned by T. E. Jacobs.

The most successful of these classes is that known as the "Knockabout," founded in Boston in 1893, the present regulations being as follows:

A Knockabout boat is a seaworthy keel boat (not to include fin-keel), decked or half decked, of fair accommodations, rigged simply without bowsprit, and with only one main-sail and head-sail. The load water-line length shall not exceed 21 feet. The beam at the load water-line shall be at least 7 and not more than 8 feet. The freeboard shall be not less than 20 inches. The forward side of mast at the deck shall be not less than 5 feet from the forward end of the load water-line. The planking, including deck, shall be not less than ¾ inch, finished. The frames shall be not less than 1 inch square, and spaced not more than 12 inches on centres. The dead-wood shall be filled in. The rudder shall be hung on stern-post. The outside ballast shall be not less than 3500 pounds. The limits of freeboard, beam, planking, frames, dead-wood, rudder, and place of mast shall not exclude any existing Knockabout boats which otherwise come within the restrictions. The actual sail area shall not be over 500 square feet, not over 400 square feet of which shall be in the main-sail.

Under this rule a fleet of over 300 yachts has been created, some of them being cruising-craft used only occasionally for racing. Many, however, are racing-craft of elaborate design and construction, the result of a very strong rivalry between designers. The racing of this class has been the mainstay of the sport about Boston for the past two seasons, and at the present time there is every evidence of its continued vitality.


"HAZARD."
Owned by Herbert M. Sears.

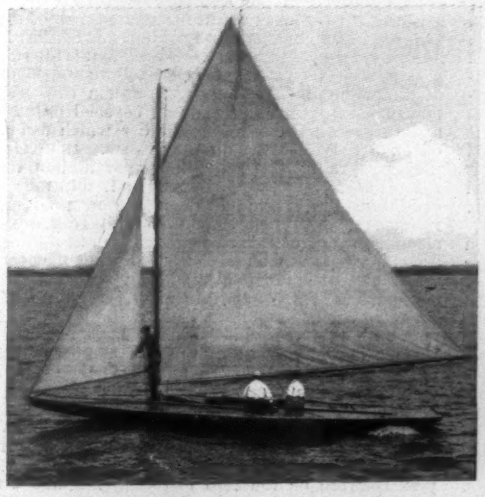
"COCKATOO."
Owned by C. S. Eaton.

"SALLY III."
Owned by L. F. Percival.

It is to such "restricted" and "one-design" classes that yachtsmen must look for sport in the immediate future; and further than that, for the revival of the larger classes. The attempt to build up a fifty-one-foot class without other limits than racing length, that was inaugurated last fall, has resulted in a failure, but one yacht being built, and she finding no competitor in existing boats. There is now under discussion a plan to create a limited fifty-one-foot class, an extension of the successful experiment in the special thirty-foot class; and if carried out properly, it will be as great a success.

The growth and general success of the restricted classes point to a lesson which cannot be ignored merely on account of the small sizes of the boats. Even the wealthiest of yachtsmen have tired of the effort to win through the unlimited possibilities of speed afforded by increased cost; and they, no less than others of moderate means, will welcome any legislation which, while not giving the prizes to notoriously old or slow boats, or hindering all advance on the part of designers, shall nevertheless produce a more reasonable combination of accommodation and durability with speed than now exists. Such experiments in restrictive legislation as those in the "thirty foot" and "Knockabout" classes are not only valuable as proofs of the necessity for similar work on a larger scale, but at the same time they throw light on many important details of restrictive legislation.

"FLY."
Owned by W. O. Gay.


"GLENCAIRN II."
Winner of International Small-boat Trophy.

"MOMO."
Challenger for the International Small-boat Trophy.

OPENING OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

A NEW football season is at hand, with all the old complications and the new possibilities. Harvard will not play Princeton, but will play Pennsylvania; Princeton will play Yale, but, at least up to this writing, will not play Pennsylvania. This combination leaves Princeton and Pennsylvania with but one great game, while Harvard and Yale each has two. The training of Pennsylvania and Princeton will thus be greatly simplified, while the treasuries of Harvard and Yale should be blessed. The taking of the Yale-Princeton game away from New York will doubtless mean a diminution of gate-money, and, it is to be ardently hoped, of expenses. In spite of some hope held out to the contrary, West Point and Annapolis are still forbidden to meet, and the game that West Point has improved in so rapidly cannot be exploited upon the navy in an attempt to even up the score. Lafayette is planning to take a try at two of the cracks, and Cornell has made the step toward home coaching that inaugurates a new era at Ithaca. In New England, Dartmouth hopes to perpetuate her position at the head of the league, while Brown is the leading free lance of that section. West and South the teams multiply, and the skill now promises to keep some sort of pace with the increase. Chicago, San Francisco, Denver, and New Orleans equally expect football as a fall sport, and take it with a pleasant tingle of interest and satisfaction.

While a victorious team beginning a new season with ranks nearly intact can be said to have a long lead, the history of football has shown that such teams are by no means invincible. In fact, that is one of the pleasant features of the sport, that dash and determination will oftentimes upset strength and even experience. Princeton has the backbone of her team of last year, and among the substitutes and ineligibles of last season a suitable lot to fill the few vacant places. But of really fresh material there seems to be a dearth. Probably the most important position, in one way, of the entire line to-day is that of tackle. Here a first-class man can do a great amount of work that is sometimes not fully appreciated, while a weak man at that spot means all sorts of trouble, both on the offence and, especially, on the defence. Princeton's school of tackles has been for the last few years a capital one, the pace set by Lea having been well followed up by such players as Church and Hillebrand. The latter has now the opportunity to keep up the succession by forcing Holt to play up to the same high standard.

The placing of such an admittedly good guard as Holt out at tackle, while radical, is wise. He may not satisfactorily fill the position, but if he does he will be of greater value in Princeton's style of play than he ever could be at guard. Besides, the guard positions were very well cared for last season, no one breaking Princeton's centre to any degree. Hard, faithful work develops a class of player that is remarkable for one thing, and that is reliability. Such men were found in Princeton's team last year. Crowdis can play centre, but demonstrated last year his value as a guard, and will probably be kept there if the centre can be properly filled, although there is other good material. There are at least three promising candidates in Booth, Edwards, and Jordan. All are heavy, Edwards especially so.

The missing end, Brokaw, will be replaced by Lathrop, a good breaker of interference and a fair runner. Oglesby is also a possibility. The loss of Smith at quarter, many think, will result in drawing Baird into that position once more, especially if kicking from the snap direct by centre becomes, as is likely, more and more a feature of the game. In such an event Wheeler would play full-back. But it is quite possible to secure the advantage to be gained by the excellent kicking of Wheeler without bringing Baird in to quarter. Besides, Baird was at his best last year when farther away from the line, and with an opportunity to exert himself. Ayres is another very promising punter, and between the three Princeton is easily the best equipped with kickers of any of the teams on the field this year.

Princeton will make every endeavor to repeat the good training record of last season, when her men were improving steadily from the second week on to the final game. So often have Princeton teams paid the heaviest kind of penalties for error in this respect, and so well have they performed when they were sent out in condition, that a blunder in this respect will be regarded with serious eye this year. It is a far more vital error than the selection of a poor play or of an unsatisfactory man, for it entails not merely occasional lost ground, but almost certain defeat. And veteran teams are far too apt to be either extremely lazy, for very fear of insufficient work, or to totter on the verge of fineness. So I regard Princeton's greatest task this year is to bring her men into the game fit to the moment. The fact that Princeton has no Harvard game this season means that it will be easier for her to accomplish this, for with but one big game ahead there should certainly be no temptation to make the pace too fast or to risk playing men when "off."

While Sandow is proposing to the Cambridge boating authorities that they give him an opportunity to train the light blues for the Oxford race this year, and suggesting that all the principles of training have been erroneously interpreted by those formerly in charge, Mr. Forbes at Harvard is said to be inaugurating an era of dumbbells and calisthenics for the football team. I fancy that this feature has been made the most of and rather exaggerated in the reports that have emanated from Cambridge, but one thing is certainly clear, and that is that every effort is to be made at Harvard this fall to insure against a team of cripples. It has always seemed to me that the condition of Soldiers' Field last year was responsible for a good share of the difficulties, at least early in the season, whatever may be said of the later condition of the men.

Practising football on a slippery ground is like trying to play hockey on ice without skates—it shakes a man up considerably. The improvements in the field and the extreme care that is to be observed in the training and development of the team ought to bring it through with far fewer men laid up than last year. The only question is whether there will be enough really hard work done to accustom the men to the actuality of the play. Not to go back a great ways, men like Stillman of Yale, Doucette of Harvard, and Crowdis of Princeton are the products of the hard-hammering school of football—the more old-fashioned game that was wont to produce players from the ranks of the second eleven, rather than receiving them ready made from "prep." schools or other colleges. The type of player was different, but he was, as a rule, tougher and more certain to last out a season if that season involved several hard games.

There is no question, however, of the great utility of a system that can save something in the number of "laid-off" men, and if the Harvard method is successful in that respect it will be eagerly followed. There certainly never was a better year to make such an experiment, for the Harvard team is far from a team of novices, and most of them have had enough grief to enable their coaches to know without experimenting whether they can stand punishment. Hammering a man into exhaustion merely to see "if he's got sand" is poor policy at any time, and what men especially need in football to enable them to do good work is fire and dash. The new system will be productive of great good if it prevents the spectacle of half laid up men being sent in to do the work that requires all a strong man's best efforts.

With what appears at present an extraordinarily strong and able line, Harvard's work seems to be cut out for coaches and captain in the development of a back field that can take advantage of such a wall of protection. When that is accomplished, the knitting together of the two must be well watched, or the inevitable hitch will come. Much can be done toward avoiding a break by the selection of plays. There are many that Harvard has tried in the past that are too intricate to bring off with that unerring certainty which alone can cement a team together and make the line-men believe in the backs and the backs sure of the line-men. The Harvard coaches have, after very careful study, decided upon certain plays as suited to the team, or rather to the probable exigencies of the occasion. The possibility of learning from past experience and the opinions of a number of coaches, practically before the team is put upon the field, what plays and what methods shall be followed is something that many would be inclined to doubt. And yet why should it not be successful? A method steadfastly followed is worth any amount of sporadic brilliancy, and the Harvard team this year will know what it is doing from the start.

At Philadelphia the season is further advanced than at any of the other universities. Realizing, before the baseball season was over, the necessities of the situation, Mr. Woodruff has set about laying out plans to mitigate, as far as possible, the trouble likely to come through the loss of the two guards, Wharton and Woodruff. How much this loss means, and to what extent Pennsylvania is likely to be crippled by it, cannot be correctly estimated for some weeks. This is due to the fact that not only Pennsylvania's offensive play—and especially those formations similar to "guards back"—depended so largely upon the excellent work of these two men, but also because the principle of Pennsylvania's defence was based peculiarly upon the ability of getting guards out towards the ends. The real test of such a defence cannot possibly come until much later in the season, when the opponents have, in some sense at least, perfected their plays, especially those of a strategic character. The great danger in Pennsylvania's defence cannot exhibit itself, or rather become apparent, until it is put forth against a team that has in its répertoire something outside the ordinary straight plunging run of organized method. Lafayette last year assaulted it with no very extraordinary manœuvres, but was able to pass it. So, until Pennsylvania is matched with a good team fairly well on in the season, judgment must be reserved upon whether the new men are up to the work or beyond the mark of the men who went before them. Mr. Woodruff, one of the best strategists of the gridiron, was considerably handicapped by conditions last season; but this year he is promised a better opportunity, and if he has good luck in the matter of keeping his men from injury, and so is enabled to get his line and backs working together more successfully, we may hope to see some clever plays developed.

In spite of a very heavy feeling of foreboding at New Haven, the material which has appeared in the early practice is far more promising than for some years. It is crude, but there is a workmanlike cut about some of it, and there are several very well put-up men on the field. Last year Yale added one more to the number of teams that have felt called upon by actual test to demonstrate that a light centre, no matter how good, is a fatal blunder. There never was a pluckier, brainier, or better man than Chamberlain. But he weighed just about the same as the quarter who stood behind him on the day of the big game. The lesson therein learned will probably last Yale for a year or two, and it is safe to say that this season will find a man of at least 190 pounds at centre. Cutten and McFarlan are at present being tried. Chamberlain will be tried in other positions until the right place is found for him. He has admirable qualities, and it is safe to say will find a place either as tackle or behind the line. Captain Rodgers is back, and although it is just four weeks since he first put his foot to the floor since his attack of typhoid fever, he looks surprisingly well. It is noticeable, however, that he has not yet recovered his look of sturdy, robust health, and he will take the best of care of himself. Benjamin, the temporary captain, held the men together well, and started them off in good fashion. All sorts of combinations are being tried and talked of, but it all simmers down to this—that a consistent policy must be adopted and followed out religiously; that two weeks of one method, then three of another, and so on, will not bring order out of the chaos; that a strong line must be built up, and that the pace of the play behind it must be accelerated far more than formerly. Mr. Butterworth has the men in charge at present, and every effort will be made to persuade him to stay through the season.

October brought out on its first Saturday the first real trying-out of the various teams, and gave us some indication of what it is at which the leaders are aiming. Princeton's game was strong, heavy, and crushing, and poor Lehigh was mowed down by its irresistible force. But Princeton is trying hard for the next step in the development of her play, and that step is the bringing of the runner out after the line has been broken. In this the play was several times successful. At Cambridge, Harvard was not wholly satisfactory to her coaches, because what they especially desire just at this point is system and team-play, rather than any individual brilliancy. She had no trouble with Williams, but there was too much of the individual rather than team gains, although one could almost excuse it in the pleasure of watching Dibblee's runs. At New Haven, the work in the second half pleased the coaches far better than the rather sluggish opening. It is a fair question, however, whether the increased gains then made by Yale were due to her better playing in the second half, or to Wesleyan's becoming discouraged. Yale was never seriously troubled by Wesleyan, though twice the Middletown men made clean way through the centre. The University of Pennsylvania steadied down, and with the lesson of Washington and Jefferson before her, made her play better and safer. The Carlisle Indians have renewed their war-paint, and put up a smashing game against, it is true, an inferior team. But if those Indians could be brought up to the intricacies of more highly developed play in the way of methods of offence, they would surely be wonders; but that will take a little time.

There are two teams this year outside the regular lines who deserve especial mention and comment. These two teams are West Point and Brown—the former not only for what it has done in the past, but also for what it will do this year; the latter for its previous record more particularly. Brown has, under Mr. Moyle, kept up a steady line of football progress, and, with no great numbers from which to draw, her teams have been almost uniformly good; and last year's work in the line, of double passing in the first game against Yale, was far ahead of the ordinary work for that period of the year. This season will be a hard test, for the team has lost many of its best men, and new material throughout is the rule. The past record at West Point, at least since she secured regular coaching, has been even more than Brown's a phenomenal one. But this year an especial effort will be made to reach that one step higher which can put her on an equal footing with the leaders. It seems a preposterous thing that with their very limited numbers, the almost impossible hours, and all the adverse conditions that surround them, the men should have reached their present standard. But they are not at a standstill, nor will they be contented until they can enter a contest with any of the leaders, feeling that they have an equal chance of success; and Mr. Graves, their coach, is in perfect sympathy with their desire, and will not let them lag nor lose ambition. They will play both Harvard and Yale this year, and we shall have more to say of them. They have two of the best tackles in the game to-day in Foy and Scales, and it is here that a good man counts this year as never before. Romeyn, at full-back, is a good kicker—not a quick kicker yet, but a good man for distance when he has the time to get in his swing. The other positions are being levelled up well, and Mr. Graves has a knack of getting harmonious progress. They play Harvard on the 16th of this month, and I fancy a football enthusiast can afford the time to go up there for the occasion.

WALTER CAMP.

GOLF NOTES.

WITH the advent of autumn the golfing season may be said to be at its height, and the various open events have followed one another in quick succession. It is rather unfortunate that the Onwentsia (Chicago) tournament should have been scheduled so soon after the championship meeting, in virtual conflict with the Lenox and Tuxedo dates. Of course the idea was to secure the entries of Eastern players already on the ground, and so to give a really national character to the contest for the Ravinoaks Cup, a trophy for which native-bred players alone are eligible. But as it was, the golfers preferred to hurry back to Lenox and Tuxedo, and the contest came as an anticlimax to the week at Wheaton. Harriman (Knollwood), who won in the finals over McCawley (Merion Cricket), made his mark during the championship meeting by his victory over Tyng in the first match round, but he has hardly attained as yet to the consistency of form which we expect from the first-class man. The coming St. Andrews tournament should be a more conclusive test of our native golf.

Lenox had a large entry-list, but the quality was mediocre, Fenn, Cutting, Thorp, Bowers, and Emmett being the only honor men out of the fifty odd who were in the field. Fenn and Cutting, who fought it out a year ago, were again paired for the finals, and the Southern champion was an easy winner over the Harvard player. A year ago Cutting was counted as one of the most promising of the younger players, but he does not seem able to develop his game beyond a certain point. He has a free, easy style, and drives a long ball, but he cannot depend upon his game at those critical moments in which a match is won and lost. Bowers is another player of the younger set who cannot acquire the prime essential of steadiness. He showed up poorly in the contest for the Lenox cup, and barely managed to qualify in the medal round for the President's cup. And then, in a brilliant streak of play, he successively defeated Emmett, Fenn, and Thorp, and carried off the cup.

The Tuxedo meeting was a brilliant one, and largely given over to hole play, there being no fewer than three cups for the three divisions into which the players were ranked by the preliminary medal rounds. Travis had played such consistent golf throughout the season that his defeat by Huntington, by the comparatively large margin of six up and five to go, was a big surprise. It must be remembered, however, that the Tuxedo course, with its "rifle-galleries" and rocky lies, calls for a very different kind of golf from that of Long Island courses. Some would have it that Tuxedo is not golf at all, which is not true, but the home player does enjoy a distinct advantage in his more intimate acquaintance with the peculiarities of the course. For all that, Travis was a good third off his game, and as Huntington was as much above his normal form, the result could not have been otherwise.

There were forty-two full cards returned in the final handicap that wound up the meeting, and it is noteworthy that twenty of them were under the "duffer mark" of 100 (gross). This is encouraging, even though skill on the Tuxedo course cannot be called a first-class test of golfing ability. W. A. Larned, of the tennis contingent, made a fair showing with 96, which included a 45 for one round.

W. G. VAN T. S.

THE END OF THE HIGH HAT.

THE war against the high theatre hat has ended, at least for the time, in the overthrow of the hat. In some Western cities, notably in San Francisco, the city council has passed an ordinance empowering the managers of theatres to expel ladies whose head-gear impedes the view of spectators. Fortified by this law, ushers politely invite wearers of offending hats to remove them or to call at the box office to get their money back. To stern necessity the ladies have succumbed, and orchestra and dress circle, instead of presenting the appearance of a parterre of flowers, glowing with the gay colors of myriads of showy birds, are now mere backs of heads, frowzy with dishevelled hair, and glooming the eye with dull neutral tints. For the preparation of the female hair for exhibition at the opera involves a hair-dresser and a carriage, and forbids the use of a hat or toque until the show is over, whereas no lady cares to walk bareheaded through the streets on the way to the play.

Throughout history the female head-dress has been a worry and a vexation. Five hundred years ago, when Europe was taking breath after the crusades, ladies wore a head-dress which was built up in a couple of pointed spires an ell long, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the top of them and hanging down the back. Such head-gear enraged a pious monk named Thomas Conecte, and he preached against it with such fervor that hundreds of women threw down their head-dresses before the pulpit, and the street boys took delight in pelting with stones those who clung to their high hats. But when Fray Conecte died the high hats came to life again, and, in the quaint language of Monsieur Paradin, the women who had crawled into their holes like snails now put forth their horns once more.

It was left for Louis the Eleventh to deal a death-blow to the fashion. In our day we put the high hat out of the theatre; the king excluded it from court and church. But even his power was inadequate to set a limit to the Norman cap, which to this day soars two feet above the wearer's head, and is the joy and pride of the country-women of Charlotte Corday.

It was rather by its breadth than by its height that the modern theatre hat made itself offensive. Aux trois quarts du parterre il cacha les acteurs. If the hat-wearers could have kept their heads still, the nuisance would not have been so unbearable. But the tall hat seemed to set the muscles of the neck quaking, so that the wearer waggled her head incessantly, like the old effigies of Chinese mandarins, and the spectator behind her had no sooner discovered a practicable vista under one of the hat wings than it was closed by a change of pose. For its disappearance may we all be duly thankful; and now, if somebody will devise a cure for the chatter of the sweet girl graduate at the most interesting part of the play, we may really cease to take our pleasures sadly.

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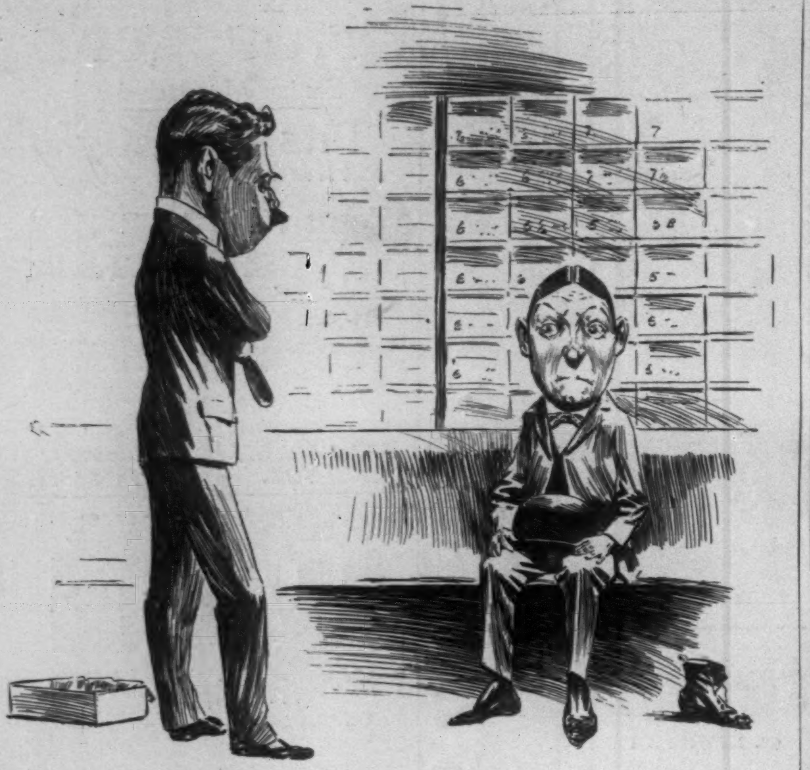

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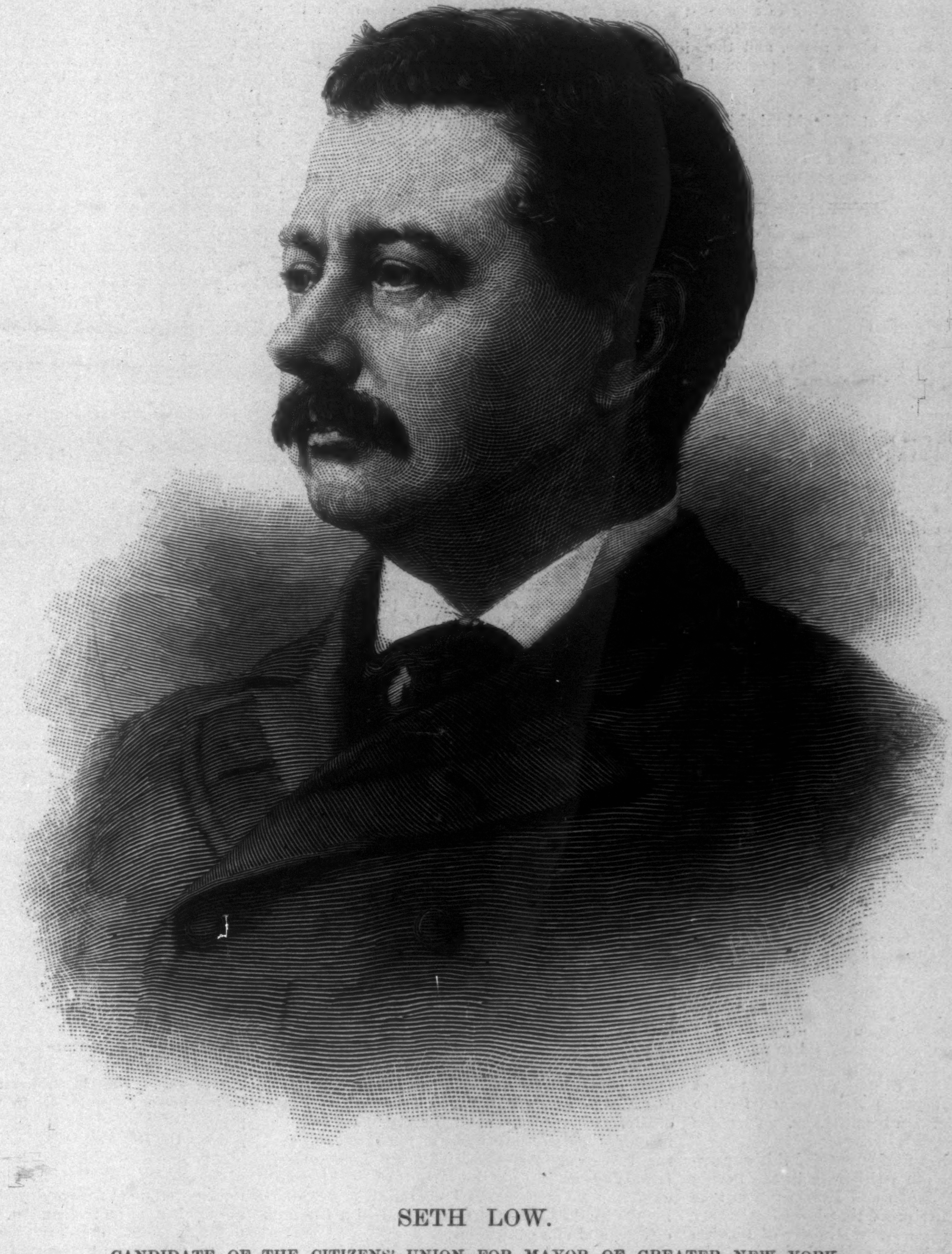

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THE Grand Jury of the County of New York has made a presentment on the subject of taxation. A complaint was made against the tax officials, charging undervaluations of property, and therefore perjury, but the Grand Jury finds in effect that the State laws are of such a character that assessors are almost inevitably led into blunders, and it recommends a general revision of the tax laws imposing upon the State the duty of assessing personal property, so that local expenditure may be paid by real-estate taxes alone, and the "question of continuing or abolishing personal taxes" be "fought out on State lines."

THE bimetallists are again at their old mischief-

Canadian sealers as to the effect of pelagic sealing on the seal herds. Therefore Lord SALISBURY has yielded, as he abandoned his nearly completed agreement with Mr. BAYARD in 1888.

THE municipal contest in New York is attracting the attention not only of the whole country, but of Canada and England. Some of the London newspapers have recently contained editorials on the situation not wholly uninformed. The truth is that democracy, applied to municipal government, is once more on trial. In New York, now the second city in the world, it is to be decided whether good citizens are actively and aggressively in favor of good government or are indifferent to it. There is only one ticket in the field that stands for good municipal government pure and simple. That ticket is now complete, and we are speaking the simple and moderate language of truth and reflection when we say that it is the best municipal ticket that has ever been nominated by any body of citizens in this country, and we doubt if it has ever been equalled, either for character or ability—it has certainly never been surpassed—in any city in the world where popular government prevails.

THE nomination of Mr. SETH LOW was made by honest men, who, whatever else may be said of them, are determined, if they can accomplish the result, that the city shall be managed by its friends instead of by its enemies; in other words, that its officials shall consider only the city's interests, and that those interests shall cease to be the spoil of piratical bosses and organizations. Last week the ticket was completed, and its distinction was

icans of Honolulu and the Jingoes of this country do not propose to consider the feelings or wishes of the natives. Is it not enough to plunder the people of their islands and of their right to self-government? Why add to the crime the folly of telling a transparent untruth? It is evident that Senator MORGAN cannot miss an opportunity to demonstrate the exceeding great age to which his mind has attained. Senator LODGE is franker without being any the less wicked. He says that if it is developed next December that there is not a two-thirds vote for the annexation treaty in the Senate, the Jingoes in the two Houses will annex the islands by legislation, which will require only a majority in each body. The sum and substance of it all is, that unless the folly of Congress shall be cured by public sentiment, we are likely to have Hawaii on our hands. Whether or not we shall have a war immediately is not of the first importance. We shall have changed our foreign policy, and unless we are to have many wars and to go through much tribulation, we must have a more intelligent and a stronger government at Washington than that which is now so unconcernedly toying with destiny.

SPAIN'S new cabinet has been made up by Señor SAGASTA. It is Liberal, and yet it is Spanish. SAGASTA himself has probably no more idea of accepting the mediation of this country than his predecessor, CÁNOVAS, had, and events are not drifting in that direction. As WEYLER has been replaced by BLANCO in Cuba, it may be assumed to be probable that the outrages and murders, of which we have heard so much complaint, will cease there. And in view of that, the Jingoes who have been the judges to popular passion; finally, legislation for the pecuniary benefit of the weak and incompetent. They would probably assert that eventually all classes should equally enjoy the fruits of the common property and of what they denominate the common labor and enterprise, meaning thereby the labor and enterprise exerted in behalf of all members of the community, including the idle and worthless, by the industrious and intelligent. But at first, and probably to make things even, they are content to change the business partnership into which the government has been forced by making the unsuccessful instead of the successful the beneficiaries of this great public trust, whose purpose is partly commercial and partly eleemosynary, and wholly corrupting.

It is against this tendency that the National Democratic party is forming. Its leaders probably sympathize more with those who want government aid for the poor than with those who are for continuing the public bounty to the strong and successful. But they and their organization are against the communistic principle which is the soul of the two larger parties. The National Democratic party represents individualism. It stands for "fair play and no favor." Its ideal government would neither help nor hinder any one in the struggle for wealth. Its sole beneficiaries would be the absolutely helpless who are frankly the objects of public charity. It would administer equal laws, bearing as lightly as possible upon individual effort. It would tax no man for the benefit of any other. It is a movement away from the policy which has transformed Congress

land, and of its character no one but Mr. GORMAN is certain. The National Democrats have organized in several States, including Massachusetts, Ohio, Kentucky, Nebraska, Iowa, and Michigan. They have issued addresses and platforms, and have nominated tickets. They are in the field, having for leaders the best men of the old party, including Mr. CLEVELAND, Mr. CARLISLE, Mr. FAIRCHILD, Mr. WATTERSON, Mr. J. STERLING MORTON, and the young men of Massachusetts who made WILLIAM E. RUSSELL Governor of that State. New York is wanting, because its formal organization, by accepting its candidate for the Court of Appeals, has strengthened the hands of the old machine, which it is its first duty to break into pieces. But notwithstanding this grievous mistake, there is every sign that the National Democratic party will play an important part in the next year's Congressional campaign, and, unless conditions greatly change, a still more important part in the Presidential campaign of 1900.

THE PROGRESS OF INDEPENDENCE IN MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THE municipal campaign in Greater New York affords striking proof of the irresistible force with which the necessity of separating municipal affairs from national politics has impressed itself not only upon the minds of unprejudiced citizens, but upon the machine politicians themselves. It is a curious fact that even Tammany Hall comes before the public with a platform which is almost exclu-

sneered at non-partisanship in municipal government, and are perhaps still doing so to maintain an appearance of consistency; but they all are substantially admitting that partisanship as to national politics is, in municipal contests, not a matter of prime importance, but is only lugged in as an adventitious aid. So much has been gained by the general progress of public opinion in consequence of the more extended and more earnest study of the municipal problem that has for some time been going on all over the country; and it may be said that in New York that progress of public opinion has been especially stimulated by the action of the late Constitutional Convention in separating municipal from national and State elections, and more recently by the conspicuous example of non-partisanship set and maintained in this city by the Citizens' Union.

It should, however, not be concluded that their reluctant yielding to the non-partisan principle in municipal contests will determine any of the organizations mentioned to act upon that principle in case it should be successful in the election. A Tammany Mayor would instantly distribute the municipal offices within his gift among Tammany heelers, and he would do the utmost in his power to circumvent the civil service law to the end of opening the minor places, too, to the Tammany crowd. There is not the slightest doubt that a Tammany victory would, notwithstanding the smooth promises now made by that organization, give Greater New York as corrupt, rapacious, and disgraceful a government as old New York has ever had. Should the Republican machine win, it is breaker of interference and a fair runner. Oglesby is also a possibility. The loss of Smith at quarter, many think, will result in drawing Baird into that position once more, especially if kicking from the snap direct by centre becomes, as is likely, more and more a feature of the game. In such an event Wheeler would play full-back. But it is quite possible to secure the advantage to be gained by the excellent kicking of Wheeler without bringing Baird in to quarter. Besides, Baird was at his best last year when farther away from the line, and with an opportunity to exert himself. Ayres is another very promising punter, and between the three Princeton is easily the best equipped with kickers of any of the teams on the field this year.

Princeton will make every endeavor to repeat the good training record of last season, when her men were improving steadily from the second week on to the final game. So often have Princeton teams paid the heaviest kind of penalties for error in this respect, and so well have they performed when they were sent out in condition, that a blunder in this respect will be regarded with serious eye this year. It is a far more vital error than the selection of a poor play or of an unsatisfactory man, for it entails not merely occasional lost ground, but almost certain defeat. And veteran teams are far too apt to be either extremely lazy, for very fear of insufficient work, or to totter on the verge of fineness. So I regard Princeton's greatest task this year is to bring her men into the game fit to the moment. The fact that Princeton has no Harvard game this season means that it will be easier for her to accomplish this, for with but one big game ahead there should certainly be no temptation to make the pace too fast or to risk playing men when "off."

While Sandow is proposing to the Cambridge boating authorities that they give him an opportunity to train the light blues for the Oxford race this year, and suggesting that all the principles of training have been erroneously interpreted by those formerly in charge, Mr. Forbes at Harvard is said to be inaugurating an era of dumbbells and calisthenics for the football team. I fancy that this feature has been made the most of and rather exaggerated in the reports that have emanated from Cambridge, but one thing is certainly clear, and that is that every effort is to be made at Harvard this fall to insure against a team of cripples. It has always seemed to me that the condition of Soldiers' Field last year was responsible for a good share of the difficulties, at least early in the season, whatever may be said of the later condition of the men.

Practising football on a slippery ground is like trying to play hockey on ice without skates—it shakes a man up considerably. The improvements in the field and the extreme care that is to be observed in the training and development of the team ought to bring it through with far fewer men laid up than last year. The only question is whether there will be enough really hard work done to accustom the men to the actuality of the play. Not to go back a great ways, men like Stillman of Yale, Doucette of Harvard, and Crowdis of Princeton are the products of the hard-hammering school of football—the more old-fashioned game that was wont to produce players from the ranks of the second eleven, rather than receiving them ready made from "prep." schools or other colleges. The type of player was different, but he was, as a rule, tougher and more certain to last out a season if that season involved several hard games.

There is no question, however, of the great utility of a system that can save something in the number of "laid-off" men, and if the Harvard method is successful in that respect it will be eagerly followed. There certainly never was a better year to make such an experiment, for the Harvard team is far from a team of novices, and most of them have had enough grief to enable their coaches to know without experimenting whether they can stand punishment. Hammering a man into exhaustion merely to see "if he's got sand" is poor policy at any time, and what men especially need in football to enable them to do good work is fire and dash. The new system will be productive of great good if it prevents the spectacle of half laid up men being sent in to do the work that requires all a strong man's best efforts.

With what appears at present an extraordinarily strong and able line, Harvard's work seems to be cut out for coaches and captain in the development of a back field that can take advantage of such a wall of protection. When that is accomplished, the knitting together of the two must be well watched, or the inevitable hitch will come. Much can be done toward avoiding a break by the selection of plays. There are many that Harvard has tried in the past that are too intricate to bring off with that unerring certainty which alone can cement a team together and make the line-men believe in the backs and the backs sure of the line-men. The Harvard coaches have, after very careful study, decided upon certain plays as suited to the team, or rather to the probable exigencies of the occasion. The possibility of learning from past experience and the opinions of a number of coaches, practically before the team is put upon the field, what plays and what methods shall be followed is something that many would be inclined to doubt. And yet why should it not be successful? A method steadfastly followed is worth any amount of sporadic brilliancy, and the Harvard team this year will know what it is doing from the start.

At Philadelphia the season is further advanced than at any of the other universities. Realizing, before the baseball season was over, the necessities of the situation, Mr. Woodruff has set about laying out plans to mitigate, as far as possible, the trouble likely to come through the loss of the two guards, Wharton and Woodruff. How much this loss means, and to what extent Pennsylvania is likely to be crippled by it, cannot be correctly estimated for some weeks. This is due to the fact that not only Pennsylvania's offensive play—and especially those formations similar to "guards back"—depended so largely upon the excellent work of these two men, but also because the principle of Pennsylvania's defence was based peculiarly upon the ability of getting guards out towards the ends. The real test of such a defence cannot possibly come until much later in the season, when the opponents have, in some sense at least, perfected their plays, especially those of a strategic character. The great danger in Pennsylvania's defence cannot exhibit itself, or rather become apparent, until it is put forth against a team that has in its répertoire something outside the ordinary straight plunging run of organized method. Lafayette last year assaulted it with no very extraordinary manœuvres, but was able to pass it. So, until Pennsylvania is matched with a good team fairly well on in the season, judgment must be reserved upon whether the new men are up to the work or beyond the mark of the men who went before them. Mr. Woodruff, one of the best strategists of the gridiron, was considerably handicapped by conditions last season; but this year he is promised a better opportunity, and if he has good luck in the matter of keeping his men from injury, and so is enabled to get his line and backs working together more successfully, we may hope to see some clever plays developed.

In spite of a very heavy feeling of foreboding at New Haven, the material which has appeared in the early practice is far more promising than for some years. It is crude, but there is a workmanlike cut about some of it, and there are several very well put-up men on the field. Last year Yale added one more to the number of teams that have felt called upon by actual test to demonstrate that a light centre, no matter how good, is a fatal blunder. There never was a pluckier, brainier, or better man than Chamberlain. But he weighed just about the same as the quarter who stood behind him on the day of the big game. The lesson therein learned will probably last Yale for a year or two, and it is safe to say that this season will find a man of at least 190 pounds at centre. Cutten and McFarlan are at present being tried. Chamberlain will be tried in other positions until the right place is found for him. He has admirable qualities, and it is safe to say will find a place either as tackle or behind the line. Captain Rodgers is back, and although it is just four weeks since he first put his foot to the floor since his attack of typhoid fever, he looks surprisingly well. It is noticeable, however, that he has not yet recovered his look of sturdy, robust health, and he will take the best of care of himself. Benjamin, the temporary captain, held the men together well, and started them off in good fashion. All sorts of combinations are being tried and talked of, but it all simmers down to this—that a consistent policy must be adopted and followed out religiously; that two weeks of one method, then three of another, and so on, will not bring order out of the chaos; that a strong line must be built up, and that the pace of the play behind it must be accelerated far more than formerly. Mr. Butterworth has the men in charge at present, and every effort will be made to persuade him to stay through the season.

October brought out on its first Saturday the first real trying-out of the various teams, and gave us some indication of what it is at which the leaders are aiming. Princeton's game was strong, heavy, and crushing, and poor Lehigh was mowed down by its irresistible force. But Princeton is trying hard for the next step in the development of her play, and that step is the bringing of the runner out after the line has been broken. In this the play was several times successful. At Cambridge, Harvard was not wholly satisfactory to her coaches, because what they especially desire just at this point is system and team-play, rather than any individual brilliancy. She had no trouble with Williams, but there was too much of the individual rather than team gains, although one could almost excuse it in the pleasure of watching Dibblee's runs. At New Haven, the work in the second half pleased the coaches far better than the rather sluggish opening. It is a fair question, however, whether the increased gains then made by Yale were due to her better playing in the second half, or to Wesleyan's becoming discouraged. Yale was never seriously troubled by Wesleyan, though twice the Middletown men made clean way through the centre. The University of Pennsylvania steadied down, and with the lesson of Washington and Jefferson before her, made her play better and safer. The Carlisle Indians have renewed their war-paint, and put up a smashing game against, it is true, an inferior team. But if those Indians could be brought up to the intricacies of more highly developed play in the way of methods of offence, they would surely be wonders; but that will take a little time.

There are two teams this year outside the regular lines who deserve especial mention and comment. These two teams are West Point and Brown—the former not only for what it has done in the past, but also for what it will do this year; the latter for its previous record more particularly. Brown has, under Mr. Moyle, kept up a steady line of football progress, and, with no great numbers from which to draw, her teams have been almost uniformly good; and last year's work in the line, of double passing in the first game against Yale, was far ahead of the ordinary work for that period of the year. This season will be a hard test, for the team has lost many of its best men, and new material throughout is the rule. The past record at West Point, at least since she secured regular coaching, has been even more than Brown's a phenomenal one. But this year an especial effort will be made to reach that one step higher which can put her on an equal footing with the leaders. It seems a preposterous thing that with their very limited numbers, the almost impossible hours, and all the adverse conditions that surround them, the men should have reached their present standard. But they are not at a standstill, nor will they be contented until they can enter a contest with any of the leaders, feeling that they have an equal chance of success; and Mr. Graves, their coach, is in perfect sympathy with their desire, and will not let them lag nor lose ambition. They will play both Harvard and Yale this year, and we shall have more to say of them. They have two of the best tackles in the game to-day in Foy and Scales, and it is here that a good man counts this year as never before. Romeyn, at full-back, is a good kicker—not a quick kicker yet, but a good man for distance when he has the time to get in his swing. The other positions are being levelled up well, and Mr. Graves has a knack of getting harmonious progress. They play Harvard on the 16th of this month, and I fancy a football enthusiast can afford the time to go up there for the occasion.

WALTER CAMP.

GOLF NOTES.

WITH the advent of autumn the golfing season may be said to be at its height, and the various open events have followed one another in quick succession. It is rather unfortunate that the Onwentsia (Chicago) tournament should have been scheduled so soon after the championship meeting, in virtual conflict with the Lenox and Tuxedo dates. Of course the idea was to secure the entries of Eastern players already on the ground, and so to give a really national character to the contest for the Ravinoaks Cup, a trophy for which native-bred players alone are eligible. But as it was, the golfers preferred to hurry back to Lenox and Tuxedo, and the contest came as an anticlimax to the week at Wheaton. Harriman (Knollwood), who won in the finals over McCawley (Merion Cricket), made his mark during the championship meeting by his victory over Tyng in the first match round, but he has hardly attained as yet to the consistency of form which we expect from the first-class man. The coming St. Andrews tournament should be a more conclusive test of our native golf.

Lenox had a large entry-list, but the quality was mediocre, Fenn, Cutting, Thorp, Bowers, and Emmett being the only honor men out of the fifty odd who were in the field. Fenn and Cutting, who fought it out a year ago, were again paired for the finals, and the Southern champion was an easy winner over the Harvard player. A year ago Cutting was counted as one of the most promising of the younger players, but he does not seem able to develop his game beyond a certain point. He has a free, easy style, and drives a long ball, but he cannot depend upon his game at those critical moments in which a match is won and lost. Bowers is another player of the younger set who cannot acquire the prime essential of steadiness. He showed up poorly in the contest for the Lenox cup, and barely managed to qualify in the medal round for the President's cup. And then, in a brilliant streak of play, he successively defeated Emmett, Fenn, and Thorp, and carried off the cup.

The Tuxedo meeting was a brilliant one, and largely given over to hole play, there being no fewer than three cups for the three divisions into which the players were ranked by the preliminary medal rounds. Travis had played such consistent golf throughout the season that his defeat by Huntington, by the comparatively large margin of six up and five to go, was a big surprise. It must be remembered, however, that the Tuxedo course, with its "rifle-galleries" and rocky lies, calls for a very different kind of golf from that of Long Island courses. Some would have it that Tuxedo is not golf at all, which is not true, but the home player does enjoy a distinct advantage in his more intimate acquaintance with the peculiarities of the course. For all that, Travis was a good third off his game, and as Huntington was as much above his normal form, the result could not have been otherwise.

There were forty-two full cards returned in the final handicap that wound up the meeting, and it is noteworthy that twenty of them were under the "duffer mark" of 100 (gross). This is encouraging, even though skill on the Tuxedo course cannot be called a first-class test of golfing ability. W. A. Larned, of the tennis contingent, made a fair showing with 96, which included a 45 for one round.

W. G. VAN T. S.

THE END OF THE HIGH HAT.

THE war against the high theatre hat has ended, at least for the time, in the overthrow of the hat. In some Western cities, notably in San Francisco, the city council has passed an ordinance empowering the managers of theatres to expel ladies whose head-gear impedes the view of spectators. Fortified by this law, ushers politely invite wearers of offending hats to remove them or to call at the box office to get their money back. To stern necessity the ladies have succumbed, and orchestra and dress circle, instead of presenting the appearance of a parterre of flowers, glowing with the gay colors of myriads of showy birds, are now mere backs of heads, frowzy with dishevelled hair, and glooming the eye with dull neutral tints. For the preparation of the female hair for exhibition at the opera involves a hair-dresser and a carriage, and forbids the use of a hat or toque until the show is over, whereas no lady cares to walk bareheaded through the streets on the way to the play.

Throughout history the female head-dress has been a worry and a vexation. Five hundred years ago, when Europe was taking breath after the crusades, ladies wore a head-dress which was built up in a couple of pointed spires an ell long, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the top of them and hanging down the back. Such head-gear enraged a pious monk named Thomas Conecte, and he preached against it with such fervor that hundreds of women threw down their head-dresses before the pulpit, and the street boys took delight in pelting with stones those who clung to their high hats. But when Fray Conecte died the high hats came to life again, and, in the quaint language of Monsieur Paradin, the women who had crawled into their holes like snails now put forth their horns once more.

It was left for Louis the Eleventh to deal a death-blow to the fashion. In our day we put the high hat out of the theatre; the king excluded it from court and church. But even his power was inadequate to set a limit to the Norman cap, which to this day soars two feet above the wearer's head, and is the joy and pride of the countrywomen of Charlotte Corday.

It was rather by its breadth than by its height that the modern theatre hat made itself offensive. Aux trois quarts du parterre il cacha les acteurs. If the hat-wearers could have kept their heads still, the nuisance would not have been so unbearable. But the tall hat seemed to set the muscles of the neck quaking, so that the wearer waggled her head incessantly, like the old effigies of Chinese mandarins, and the spectator behind her had no sooner discovered a practicable vista under one of the hat wings than it was closed by a change of pose. For its disappearance may we all be duly thankful; and now, if somebody will devise a cure for the chatter of the sweet girl graduate at the most interesting part of the play, we may really cease to take our pleasures sadly.

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